

CAVALCADE

OCTOBER, 1954

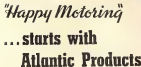
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A HOME PLAN FOR A
SLOPING BLOCK

— page 54





Go Atlantic and Stay Atlantic for...



Harmon is cartoonist and writing officer that
 featured are fictionists.

Cancers can be caused by exposure to chemical factors, according to an editorial article in *Cancer* magazine. The article points out that cigarette smoke can cause lung cancer, and that asbestos can cause lung cancer. It also mentions that radiation can cause cancer, and that certain viruses can cause cancer. The article concludes by stating that the most common cause of cancer is the lifestyle we live, which includes smoking, eating, and drinking.



GEORGES AUBAY

I had served my five year term, but they told me I had to do another five years for rehabilitation. I could not stand it, so I escaped.

my own home town in France, and sent me away to the penal colony. I don't say—I have never said—that I was innocent, but I felt the judges should have taken some things like my war record into consideration. I was 14 when the Germans invaded France and occupied it. From that time on I was taught to loathe, to fight, to destroy, if possible, all constituted authority. Because it was German—for Berchen—his authority, and because it was patriotic to be an outlaw.

I was a courier for the Maquis, the underground, and I was brave and I killed Germans. But when the Germans were chased out by the Americans and British in 1944—well, the habit of outwary stayed with me. And through the man I killed had been a French worker during the war, they gave me five years on the Island.

When I got off the boat at Cayenne, French Guiana, I was just 18. The guards who came to pick up our contingent of sixty con-

victs herded us down the gangway with rifle butts, slamming each man into him.

In 1949 my term was up. Five years on the Island. I made my request to see the governor—the warden, that is—and after a month he granted the request. I told him my term was up and it brought a smile to his lips. "Ay, yes," he said, consulting the dossier on his desk. "Army. Georges. Five years." He looked at me. "You seem to have forgotten the system of doublets. After your term is up, it is automatically doubled. That is, another five years for rehabilitation." The smile flickered around his lips. "However, you are now a liberator—a freed man. You will stay in the colony, at St. Laurent, and earn your own living. Get your own food. Earn your own money. Rehabilitate yourself." He dismissed me then, laughing at the joke of it.

It all piled up, all the evil and injustice, till it was ready to topple. You know how I made my living that year? Catching butterflies. The gorgeous, free-winged, already coexisting popillions with marbled colors to let them blend into the jungle foliage. But we were wily and cunning, we "freed" men, and we hunted them with nets so that their freedom was no reader than ours. Then we took them into St. Laurent's park where the tourist boats docked and sold them to the tourists, who would be able to say of some beautiful, yellow-red-brown-winged creature that it was a souvenir of their Devil's Island visit.

The sight of free people started the escape plan. I lived in a hut in the marginal jungle edge of town with Pierre Kato and René Bouter. Pierre had murdered his wife—but there were astonishing cir-

cumstances I can't go into—and Pierre was the full-on for a suicide gang. Thirty-eight and twenty-nine years old respectively. Lots of life ahead; life worth desperate measures.

We followed out a feline trail, working at night by sense of touch, and leaving it concealed by day beneath fern-like brush and spiky leaves. We accumulated stores over the weeks it took to build our day-out cache, as well as making trinkets and begging bits of jewelry from the tourists.

At last, in January of 1950, on a deluding fog night, we slipped our dog-out through the wet ferns and into the Maroni River. We feared nothing at the time worse than penal servitude. But then we hadn't known the ferocity of the river and the jungle.

We hadn't known about the boat-constructors or the maniocas or the rapids in the river that might send you tumbling and swirling into a quick instant where a cayman—a man-eating crocodile—lay deeply waiting for a morsel to come his way. Nor were we able to distinguish between the friendly natives and the ones who made human sacrifices. Nor did we know about the piranhas and the minicute fish who can swim up one's urine stream and tear into the mouth with razor teeth. Pierre was the one who discovered—but I am getting ahead of my story.

That first night was long. We paddled without stopping for what seemed miles, sweating in the darkness of heat that shimmered up from the river and gelling us reeled from the rain. The wet paddles brought blisters and our wet duck pants turned our knees raw. I stopped once, leaving on the wide-belted straw hat. We couldn't

LAST ESCAPE FROM DEVIL'S ISLAND

I TOOK just about as much as I could stand. Then I made my plan—my wild, half-formed, crazy plan—and I escaped from that prison of recently, spiritually dead men known as Devil's Island and into the jungle that was a living hell.

I was young back there in 1944 when they caught me in Reims.

see at first, but soon we developed a hot-line perception that kept us to the center of the river, we could hear the water lapping at the edges of the shore and noted droplets by looking for the foam on the surface of the river. When dawn exploded out of the east behind us we were still peddling furiously.

Then we headed for the shore. We knew the motor-boats manned by guards would come up-river, and we knew there would be guards. We had the canoe in the back and then doubled back down river a hundred yards, taking with us our morning ration. We hid among the palms and watched the river. Then, above the chattering of the parakeets and the caw of the birds, we heard the motorboat.

It went by us, not twenty yards away. The boards grating the air and the guards peering into the jungle. Something moved across the river and a guard fired into the bush. They laughed among themselves for some reason. Then I heard a sound behind me: I whirled. For a moment I saw nothing and then I saw two heads open and slowly made out the red-capped head of a man that loomed low from a tree and unobtrusively traced Pierre's neck. I moved swiftly and silently, brandishing butterfly-knife had been good training. My knife came to my hand and I struck without a sound and then the black man stopped our from the assassin's severed throat.

We waited there until the motorboat went downstream again and then went back to our canoe. We stuck in the shadows of the two-girl river's edge, peddling, paddling. Night and some still sleep. Days of peddling. Then we hit the rapids. They surprised us. We un-

derestimated them. We hit them travelling slowly, fighting them. But we were no canoists. They knocked us at last and spilled us, and we fought to get onto the rocks and watched desperately as the canoe turned turtle, spun like a top, reared its prow high once, then slowly floated away around a bend in the river.

Our food was gone

We showed our way across the rocks to the shore when we were rescued and then had to back our way through trailing lianas to get onto the land. The land rose steeply and we fought our way to a clearing at the top of a hill. We sat down. Pierre and Raoul and I, and looked at each other helplessly, then looked around and saw the dead carcasses of a few. We talked about it, imagining the worst, hoping against hope that there were friendly natives about but we saw no sign.

The days went by, days without food. We had to break away from the river and head northward because upstream lay Maricao, which was the native colony of Devil's Island. We must avoid capture at all costs we said. What, two days later, we didn't know because it was two days more without food except for some stringy tree-bark and some wild onions. It brought an attack of dysentery on all of us.

We set pitiful snares to try to catch birds and we buried stones in small gutter-like canals that appeared and watched to curiosity. But one needs strength to throw stones and health of mind to outwit animals. These things were gone. But luck came our way. As we staggered across the savannah we came across the carcass of a dead antelope. An antelope, perhaps,

one couldn't tell; but it was too far picked at by its killer and by the vultures who had temperately left it to get onto a more recent prey.

We ate, gnawing at the raw flesh and sucking the bones. We were thirsty. We searched for water and coffee at last to a muddy stream and drank. We lay down to sleep, but soon I awoke hungrier than ever. The others soon awoke, sat up and complained they were famished. Pierre had to relieve himself and for some reason walked to the stream and urinated into the water.

Seconds later his screams shattered the stillness of the jungle. Slowly, for we were weak, Raoul and I got up and staggered toward the stream. Pierre lay thrashing on the ground, his hands clutching his groin. He was on fire in his pants, he said. The words came out between screams: "Tata mo!" "Kali mo!"

Raoul stared dumbly, then looked up remembering. "It is those tiny fish," he said. "They swim up the urine stream." He looked at Pierre. "There is no hope, they say," Pierre looked up. "Tata mo!" he screamed. We could not stand it. Raoul plunged his hands into the ribs of our friend.

We made a fire later. Remembering we were starved and I am sure Pierre would not have minded.

We were fortified the next day, strong and well again, our luck seemed to change with our re-formed strength. We set snares and caught small game birds and about a week later, proceeded down a river in Dutch Guiana. There we encountered a dozen savages of the Bora tribe. They were friendly and one of them spoke a patch Spanish-French the natives pick up

along the coast. They were going downstream and they had room for us in the canoe.

A week later we were in Paramaribo and there we found contacts we knew about who would get us out of the country. The Dutch colonial police would turn us over to the French authorities at a moment, we were warned, as we had to be low until we could get a courier bound for the north. A month went by and we got a boat at last—a fishing vessel that was putting in at Puerto Cabello, in Venezuela.

That is where I am now. Five months after we escaped from Devil's Island the French Government discovered the penal colony forever, and all the prisoners there were granted amnesty and repatriated to France. But that amnesty did not extend to escapees.

I'm pretty well fixed in Venezuela now—and suited to my job as a guard in the city jail of Caracas.

"Abandon hope, all ye who enter here" typifies Devil's Island (below)



HOW THE OTHER HALF SLEEPS

They sleep for days, weeks and even months. There have been even cases to anti-Winkle Rip.

SCIENCE tells us that we awake for only two thirds of our life. The other third we're unconscious. We sleep it away. But some of us do better than that. People like Mollie Fancher, for instance, who stayed in bed for 59 years.

There was no lead-up, no particular circumstances. Mollie Fancher went to sleep in 1895, and, for no known reason, looked like sleeping forever. It was the prelude to stamping her case as the most remarkable in the whole history of medical curiosis.

Dr. Samuel Fleet Spier and other famous specialists were bewildered by the way her temperature decreased, so that her flesh was deathly cold; they swore that her breathing had stopped when it hadn't, that her pulse was gone still, by acute examination. It was found to be registering with a futuristic periscope.

It was held that in the hands of less qualified doctors she would have been pronounced dead, cut-up, and buried alive.

What Mollie Fancher ate in nine years wasn't enough to sustain a youngster for three days.

Then one day she awoke. The doctors pressed curiously around her bedside, asked questions ready to tumble from their lips. She recalled nothing, but somewhere in the mysterious twilight of that prolonged unconsciousness Mollie Fancher had planned bewildering secrets. To the ignorant mind there was a touch of the solemn about

them, and people peered her place in stunned dread or avoided it in fear.

In pitch darkness she could see and sense colours. Dr. Spier verified that her descriptions of people hundreds of miles distant were unusually exact. She could even tell him what they were wearing and what they were doing. This weird gift of precognition—or was it tele-sense?—only aggravated the suspicion of her reputation.

There were, too, of course, the seances. On one occasion, Dr. Spier confounded a whole group of them with a simple demonstration. He brought to Mollie Fancher's room a letter just given him by the postman.

He held it unopened and the woman wrote down its contents verbatim. With ease she read the pages of books lying shut on her bedside table and newspapers placed under the bed-clothes.

Apart from highly-qualified medical men, various notabilities, representing all walks of life and of undoubted integrity, who saw her do these things all agreed with the astronomer, Dr. Parkhurst, the neurologist, Dr. Robert Oremston, and Dr. Willard Parker that Mollie Fancher possessed supernatural powers, but none of them knew by what means she had attained them, or what was the connection between them and her marvellous sleep.

She died in 1934, eight days after her birthday party, to which she had invited President Woodrow Wilson.

Though Mollie Fancher's case has the distinction of being the most outstanding example of such phenomena, the other multiple cases on record are none the less interesting. They may follow a gen-

eral basic pattern, but each of them has its own unusual characteristics, depending on the individual affliction.

Samuel Clinton, a native of Beth, England, was 25 years old when he surprised everyone by hitting the sack one night and staying there fast asleep for one month. Shaking him, shouting at him, pulling his hair—nothing would rouse him. The farming community in which he lived began to spread the rumour that he was a victim of sleeping sickness, and a near panic set in among them until it was dispelled by the assurance of a doctor that what Sam had was not contagious.

At the end of 30 days farmer Sam awoke of his own accord and resumed his normal labours.

Two years later he landed up again. Grills, a local apothecary, bled, blistered, cupped and scarified him, but Sam was unresponsive. He continued to snore blithely. A Dr. Kennedy was called in. He was a gruff, down to earth Scotman, as practical as a cake of soap. The first thing he did was to ask Sam's relatives if the sleeping farmer ate anything. They said they left food for him, portion of which occasionally vanished.

Surprised, Kennedy stood vigil. He noticed that Clinton would stir, raise himself in bed, and eyes closed, profound sleep continuing, would reach out, take victims from the pillow, mattress and window.

On occasions the sleeper's jaw action would stop abruptly, and he would fall back on the pillow, his mouth full of food. Kennedy once allowed this thrombotic action of eating to remain for two days. Sam didn't even look like choking.

At the end of 17 weeks, as though it was the morning after the night



before, Sam Clining got up, dressed and went off to work. He was astonished, Winkle-like, to find that the fields were thick with barley and oats ready to be harvested. He could not resist the crop having been sown.

He was the sensation talk of the country, and visitors from different parts came to see him. Farm-ground showmen wanted to exhibit him. But Sam Clining could not understand the fuss. He was respectful and unmythical and short-tempered with anybody who bothered him about his legs. As time went by people left him alone, and he became the ordinary, hard-working farmer again.

A year had passed when one day he came to town, his work slacking off and vomiting. Showmen sleep stretched him out again. This time, Dr. A. Oliver, who has recorded the case in a medical treatise, examined him. Clining's pulse, he reported, was regular and his body warm.

The whole district talked of the doctor's methods to wake Sam—how he ordered heavy weights to be dropped on to the floor, till he belched in a choking claspnet, how Sam's bed, in a Kewstons country square, was suddenly over-turned, spilling its sleeping burden without even interrupting the rhythm of his breathing, how the doctor wriggled smiling sofa under his patients nose, poured water on him, and, in fact, did everything but give him the hot-foot. At the end of these experiments, somewhat unnecessarily, Oliver admitted that the sleep was genetic.

A fortnight afterwards apothecary Chibbs took 14 ounces of blood from Sam's arm. During the phlebotomy Sam did not move even slightly, and there was no subsequent change in him. Dr. Oliver,

much to the horror of the household, then pierced Sam's arm with a large pin that reached the bone. Sam was unamused to it.

In November, three months from the time he went to sleep, Sam woke just long enough to say a few words to his mother. Then he was off again, sleeping till the end of January. He felt perfectly well as he dreamed, was totally oblivious of all that had gone on during his absence in medical, and went off happily to his work.

Unhappily he went on having his somewhat intermissions, but these recorded history and Dr. Oliver knew him, somewhat on a note of chaplain.

Several cases of what he termed "constitutional idiopathic sleep" were recorded by a French physician named Blanchet in 1884. He describes how a woman of 25 slept for 42 days when she was 18, 39 when she was 24, and then for a year when she was old enough not to give her age.

Blanchet says that he had to remove one of her false teeth in order to administer poisoning liquid foods. He proved by his observations that her weight remained the same and her complexion bloomed, though her pulse was feeble, her breathing barely distinct, and she was completely inert and incommunicable.

Australian had in own hospital case of a long-sleeping sleeper—that of 35-year-old Rita Angell, a farm girl of Kinta, Victoria. At 18 the strange melody struck her and for the next seven years she had frequent lapses into coma. During these states, her family moved her about to make her bed, and set her up while they fed her a liquid diet. Sound asleep, she was yet able to swallow the food.

The first time her condition be-

came really alarming she was taken to Royal Melbourne Hospital. She did not awake for four days. She seemed perfectly well, and was taken home.

Then Rita Angell went to sleep for six months. All that time she stayed at the farm. Then her sister decided to send her to the Royal Melbourne Hospital again and put her under observation by specialists.

The 140-mile trip by car from the isolated farm to the Wimmera to the hospital did not arouse her. Doctors would not comment, except to say they thought the case had been exaggerated. Then they admitted they were puzzled. She had not received any treatment when, a few days after her arrival, she woke up to find herself in a strange bed. All they had done, doctors said, was to keep her warm and observe her condition. Food left each night on the table beside her was gone by next morning—a peculiarly remarkable of Samuel Clining's automaton.

Rita Angell talked chirpily, read the newspapers and began to knit. She said she didn't want to go back to the farm, except to see her people and her dog, but she wanted to get a job and stay in Melbourne. She was born to work at the hospital.

"I don't feel very tired," she said. "Are you sure I've been asleep for six months? I may have been asleep that long. I have had lots of dreams, but they all seem so far away. I cannot remember them."

But her records were sharply changeable. From fits of limited brightness she would lapse on occasions into better, almost hysterical sobbing.

Rita Angell was still only 25 when she passed into the longest sleep of

GAB-HAI

"What kind of a car does Betty's boy friend own?" Betty's mother asked her.
go.
Father looked up while riding his own.
"It's called a frightened car."
Father went on as he stepped a beam—
And his eyes with his approval—
"You see, it always stops, my dear, in the darkest part of the road."
—AN-EM.

all—death. She died not long after her admission to hospital. Theories and explanations have been advanced to account for her mysterious abnormality—ranging from anaphorism to the contention that she was a fake—but none of them is conclusively satisfying.

What is the nature of this shade of unconsciousness between sleeping and waking where the minds of such people roam? Some psychiatrists and psychologists hold that the cause of somnambulism is the same as that which produces loss of sleep—that somnambulism is, in fact, the explanation of cases like Rita Angell's. Here they would class as a state without the attendant phenomena—that of waking, opening doors, climbing on to roofs, answering questions on abstract subjects and playing music on instruments with which the subject is totally unfamiliar. Whatever the explanation is, the facts are sufficient to give one a fearful inkling of the eerie and unknown region of the subconscious.

ETERNAL LURE



Steve had a voice to cuff with the dogs. So did his blue cattle dog.

DEWE HOLLAND

TAWNY PRINCE stopped short in his trotting, near fore-legs panted in air. The cushion of his paw touched down with stealthy silence. His long, sharp snout tasted the drifting wind suspiciously. He surveyed the scent more deeply. His upper lips curled, baring sharp, white teeth, an obscure hint of dog had told his nostrils.

Instinct and prudence urged a stealthy retreat, for Prince was an outlaw with a paw on his head. He was a huge dog who had borrowed shape, speed, and lionize colouring from a massive barge-dog which had intruded somewhere in his pedigree. He was a killer; even

so he sniffed the blood of one of Martin's steers stained his jaws.

Where there was civilized dog, there might be man, and the man Martin Prince half-learned to shrink away, then he stopped for another snuff. He could detect no human odour in the scented scent, but the smell of dog was stronger, with the scent of a bitch predominating.

The dog's stiffened with the terror quivering his paws shivering up to his shoulders. Since Martin had shot Prince's bitch three weeks before, the dog's instincts had been rampant for a mate. What better than Martin's young, red bitch, as brown as an osprey

down, sharp-nosed and delectable on slender legs, but with the overwhelming she in her a more poignant flavour to the air than the faint smell of the old, blue sheep dog who had found the wrong lane of the frolicsome bitch more potent than sense of duty that should have chained him to the house-yard against Martin's need of blood?

Prince flattered in the broken on the side of the hill above a narrow flat, flanking a small creek. The call of the she had not yet quickened his blood enough for it to flood cooling, and he was waiting to be sure that Martin was not following the dog, as he so often did.

The pink of nostrils sucked air in quick, twitching breaks when the dog's snuffed the sheep-man's dog. His powerful quarters quivered from the intensity of restraining eager bounds to carry him to the frolicsome bitch. Tride was three yards in front of old Blue, standing on her toes.

The sheep-dog quickened pace, bounding to her to nuzzle her jaw, but she clipped playfully at his jowls and jumped away, then snarled along the flat. Blue growled throatily, then trotted steadily after her. Prince snatched a frolic whinny and crooked at lower, flitting slightly to earth, sharp eyes weaving between dog and bitch.

Prince was not afraid of the civilized dog, and his instincts for attack were strong but he had learned the wisdom of surprise when pitted against a dog of the fighting calibre of Blue.

Tride ran past the crouched dog without sighting him, but she stopped short, nostrils twitching at the alien flavour of the air. Sharp ears pricked and small head high, her eyes searched the hillside in nervous jerks. She whimpered thin-

ly, but she snarled spitefully, when the old dog ran to her, growled throatily.

Her sharp teeth drew a trickle of blood from Blue's left ear, and he snarled protest as he jerked his head away, then growled threat when he trifled her with his chest. She squirmed from under his back, shaking at his shoulder before she jumped clear. Her teeth reared the blue hair, and the dog's launched forward on the charge.

Tride reined, half in excitement, half in fear, as she jumped away from the hurtling dog's track, but the sheep-dog leaped in a quarter-turn to drop to a crouch to meet the attack on the huge, yellow killer rushed at him, lower jaw a-spread in a snarl of ferocity.

Blue crouched lower, a deep growl rumbling in his throat and his whole body quivering with the intensity of the strain for the tell-off Tride stopped to a short stop, then whirled, to prance on trembling legs, whimpering with nervous excitement as the big dog lurched at the crouched one, head lowered and twisted, and mouth a-spread for a sweeping slash at the other's throat.

Blue had hoped for the yellow head to lift, but, with less than a yard between them, he jerked up and sideways to dodge the charge. Prince tried to grip and recover; it jerked up his head, and the sheep-dog launched himself at the exposed throat. He drew a thin slice of blood from a slit in the yellow skin, but the nimble-footed dog was leaping clear, and the blue dog sat earth, screaming for balance.

His jump had startled the sheep-dog a yard past the charge, exposing his flank to attack. Prince hurled at him, as Blue started to turn the dog's massive shoulder punched solidly at the near fore-leg.

Gleaming teeth met through the dark skin and, as Blue crashed to earth, ripped out a big patch of it, bearing a gash, red splash of flesh.

Blue's howl of pain changed as mid-air to a snarl of fury as at his gaping jaws snapped at the belly of the dog before France could when to snarl his teeth into the other's throat. The dog whined when his flesh ceased bleed from the big triangle on his belly, but he jumped clear in time to whip his rear hind-leg from between the snapping jaws of the sharp-dog. Truce danced in, whimpering away.

France found balance as Blue scrambled to his feet. The dogo charged before the dog was set, and his rush tumbled Blue to earth again, rolling him to his back. The dogo jumped to straddle the fallen foe, but the dog, in a desperate effort to avoid the rush, toppled over the sheer back of the creek. He fell, shaking himself, to the stony bed of it, his head hitting

hard on the rocks. Blue whined feebly, stiffened convulsively, then stilled, the water lapping around his head.

Prancing heavily, the dogo stared down the ten-foot drop for a moment, snarling challenge, then the whimpering of the bitch fired him for other conquest. He ran to her in long high bounds, propping beside her, stiff and tense with head high, but sniveling as he looked down at her. She cowered, she crouched; she rolled to her back, paws hooked, as in supplication.

The dogo rolled her with his nose, then nuzzled her neck. She nipped playfully at his paws. When he jerked back his head, growling, she bounded to her feet and ran dutifully far the breakfast, and the dogo whimpered his excitement as he pranced, high-stepping in her wake.

When he came from his house that morning, Steven Martin cursed his dog for their failure to answer his whistle, then he cursed himself

for not having obtained Truce the night before, the way Truce was he might have expected her to wonder a bit, and he reckoned that nothing else would have driven old Blue away from the house. He went in food there, and he took his rifle in case he got night of Terry France.

"I owe that yellow devil all the lead I can give him."

Steve was not quite so sure of that when he came across the freshly killed ewe. It was on hard ground, but he had seen tracks lower down the gully which told him that the two dogs had pointed that way. He would not believe Blue was a killer, unless he caught him in the act, but he had a slightly uneasy feeling about Truce.

Martin had had trouble training Truce not to use her teeth on the sheep, she had been apt to put her snout where it was wanted. She was supposed to be pure-bred, but, with her colouring and build, it was always possible that one of her ancestors might have gone astray with a pure-bred dogo. He possessed the curse, that swung across to the next gully.

As Steve topped the spur, he saw a flash of red-brown on the opposite spur. As Truce disappeared, a big, yellow dog bounded over the spur as her track he had gone before Martin could bring up his rifle. Martin was running halfway down the fall to the creek, when he caught sight of Blue, going at a leaping run, snarling along the trail of the other two dogs. Steve poured his lips to whistle, then he changed his mind, saving his breath for speed.

Truce and the dogo were trotting slowly along the clear floor of the gully, the bitch chewing playfully at the dog's jaws, when Blue

lighted them. He cut short-work down the hill, using the sparse cover, until he was within twenty yards of them, then he broke clear, charging and snarling viciously.

France whirled to meet the attack, but the dog was close to him. He bounded aside, leaping high, just before Blue took off. The dog swerved slightly and sprang, landing himself at the yellow throat, but he missed his grip, although his fangs latched a bloody slash along the dogo's shoulder. Both crashed to earth, but the dogo was quicker to his feet, he darted his gaping jaws at Blue's throat, but they clamped on loose skin at the side of the neck.

France wrenches out a bloody patch of skin and snarped her a fresh gash, but Blue's teeth clamped on the nose-foreleg, just above the paw, with a ferocity that splintered the bone. Blue held the grip, howling in his agony. With a quick wrench, the dog rolled the killer to his back; his teeth released the paw, only to bury themselves in the softness of the yellow throat.

Blue braced himself, muscles taut and body tensed. Snarling, snorting, and with powerful jaws straining to the utmost, he jerked savagely and ripped a gaping hole in the dogo's throat. Blue latched off from the agonised death-cattle.

Steve Martin looked at the dead dogo. He looked angrily at the charging bitch, then he levelled his rifle between her eyes. The finger hesitated in taking the trigger; it did uncertainly sway, and he lowered the gun slowly. He looked speculative from Blue to Truce.

"No need to kill a good bitch, so long as the pups aren't half-dogs."

He was glad later; he knew that they would not be.



Crime Capsules

MASS MURDER

When it comes to mass murder, Andre Kebab takes some beating. In May, 1937 he set three bombs in the new school at Bath, Michigan, killing 37 children. Why did he do it? He was the miserly treasurer of the school board and he resented every expenditure; he had financially opposed the construction of the new school. Immediately after the explosion, Kebab drove to the scene, called several of the rioters to his car, then blew them, and himself, sky high. The total killing was 44.

CLOSE SHAVE

In Pasadena, California, a policeman flagged down a motorist who was zig-zagging from one side of the road to the other. After he pulled up the driver explained to the cop: "Everything is O.K. I am just shaving."

SET A TRIBE

When the state of Wyoming, U.S.A. put a price on his head, highwayman James Kluether departed for the northwest. Arriving in Laramie County, beside and unrecognized he took the first job he saw offering—that of assistant deputy sheriff. "What's my first as-

signment?" he asked. The sheriff replied: "There's a bandit killer named Kluether headed this way. Find him and bring him in."

SAD SACK

In 1912 Kid Garison, after blazing a short first act in his famous bloody career, was given a ten-year term in a California prison. Determined to reform, the Kid was a model prisoner for two years, hoping to get a pardon or to shorten his term by good behaviour. But, after two years, he became impatient and broke out of jail. Being short of money, he robbed a stage coach of \$10,000 dollars. After counting his booty, he went through the mail he had taken. The letter, addressed to the prison, contained his pardon from the governor! You don't have to be dead to be stiff.

THAT'S ALL?

Back in the days of the Wild West, killing was commonplace. In Sacramento one day a man saw his son being arrested by the sheriff. "What's my boy doing?" shouted the man. "He got mad and killed one of them dudes!" replied the sheriff. "Shucks," said the old-timer, returning to the bar, "I thought maybe Willie had stole a horse."

PERCHANCE TO DREAM

It is said that men spend one third of his life in bed, which means that, should he live to be 60, he is conscious for only 40 years. When a man goes to bed, what he wants depends on whether the weather is cold or hot and he is not sure whether the pyjamas are bright or not. But it is not so with women. They like three things—things that look nice. We wish you here.





Irish girls like to be put in the center of parties and she is modelling an entire type of night after girls that Irish dance have the right of and who like to get alone and find in the night well as Irish literature in a long and short. Maybe this girl likes to dance.



College girls these days like the "dances" like this one of five blue, flannel which Irish is wearing. But for the short pants, it seems that this is going back to grand-ma's day. Irish does not seem to approve of it, judging by the cultural Irish in her face.



"So you're Rosford's new secretary? I'd never have recognized you from his description!"

WE'RE BECOMING SOFT

Don't talk about the good old days until you have checked the facts. And, brother, here are some facts.



JONATHAN EDWARDS

EVERY now and then Sydney newspapers throw up their editorial hands in horror at the vice and crime prevalent in Sydney; editors write indignant letters to the press condemning the younger generation. "What is happening to Sydney?" "Wash goes on just did not go on in my day." These are the general tenor of the letters and editorials. Sydney, it appears, is going down hill morally; it is a nothing more of mayhem, vice, corruption and dishonesty known, thickly coated with a veneer of civilization.

That is the opinion of the old-timers. In truth, we are a bunch of nines compared with Sydney—

and Melbourne—of 50 years ago. And it is probably true of every big city in the world.

Old-timers, in reminiscing about the city of their youth, conjure up a picture of slower, more courteous living and honesty in business. Women and children could walk the streets at night and be troubled only by the multitude of salubrious ruckers to help them up kerbs and on to trams.

The truth is a lot different. To prove this, we compared a similar two-week period in the 1930s, just 50 years ago, with the corresponding two-week period in 1954. It seems that 50 years ago Sydney seemed to spend its days and nights

in a happy dose of mephen and thourary

Take the case of this particular "Skeeter" from Globe. He lived in a tenement house with his mother and seven-year-old daughter, spending his days drinking himself silly. Each day he sent his daughter to the hotel for as many times for liquor. Finally, his mother objected and an argument ensued. Globe silly watched as the men chased his mother up the street. He was armed with an axe.

In the same paper there was a report about a man who had seven wives, all living, whom he bashed in turn. On the same page was a write-up of a political meeting where the audience seemed intent on tearing and feathering, not one, but both, opposing parties.

Around the same time as the constables were arresting a man for speeding at 30 mph on a motor cycle, a pair of detectives were having a tough time in another part of town. They treated and escorted a confidence-man to the lock-up, where he proceeded to beat up both of them.

They managed to slip one half of a pair of handcuffs home on his wrist. He then failed the detectives with the heavy free circular of iron.

People running amok and wounded were more prevalent, despite the alleged truce of today's truce. At Champerdown, Sydney, a man seized a poker and tried to batter his fiancée to death.

A few days later a woman ran amok on a ship berthed in the harbour. An officer engaged her in battle on the deck, struggling for possession of the knife the man was waving. Luckily, the water police were handy and stopped the murder. . . they had been firing in case dragging the water around about for the body

of another murder that afternoon.

Everyday or not, the justice and magistrate stamped heavily on violence—admittedly without much deterrent effect. But the man who was charged with the assault of a barman in Victoria and got five years' hard and fifteen lashes for his pains got nothing more than average sentence.

Even as the face of the stern treatment the attorney were not saved. They even carried their committed upon into the courts.

A man was arrested in Melbourne on a charge of lewd behavior. Before being brought before the magistrate he smashed a heavy wooden tub in his cell to shreds, then shredded a prison blanket.

In dock before the magistrate, he abused and shouted, finally starting to clamber over the railing of the dock so he could throttle the chief witness. Removed to a cell, the prisoner tried to kick down the door. He was successful before the constabulary sawed his boots so that further kicks deeply hurt his toes.

Subdued, he contented himself by saying that he was hungry and wanted to be taken back to the goal in time for dinner. Eager for peace and quiet, the police summoned a black man and the party hunched out on to the footpath. The prisoner looked at the wagon and refused to enter it. . . Then he demanded—and got—a hansom cab for his ride back to goal.

So naturally the police took precautions when they went to arrest a criminal. A gang of four including a woman, were finally run down on a counterfeiting charge. The police, six in all and armed with guns, handcuffs and crow-bars, surrounded a house in Melbourne one night to make the arrest.

Three sat on the back fence with revolvers trained on the back door, while the others battered their way in at the front. There was a weak light, but no gunplay, and a hansom cab took the police and their captives back to goal.

More humorous was the story told by two Melbourne doctors. One was sitting quietly at home one night with his family when there was much urgent hammering at the door.

Outside stood a woman in the stages of the D.T.'s but still on his feet. He implored the doctor to take away the equipment of demons and trips, all colourfully garbed, that rustled on following him around. As payment, he distributed the items in his bag to stunned members of the doctor's family, then took his leave by way of the back fence.

Apparently the grandee managed to climb over it with him, for the woman repeated the performance at the second doctor's house. Then he staggered off into the night before anything could be done for him, and was picked up by a local lobby.

On the other hand, there was no satisfaction involved in the case at Champerdown, Victoria, the next day. There, people walking in the street were surprised to see wreckage being towed out a first-floor bedroom window. On examination it was shown that a man had hanged himself in a room at the Colfax Palace and for no reason at all was systematically tearing off the furniture. Before the police arrived he'd finished the job, including the bedstead.

Still in our tonight's records, we find a hansom and a ship's driver having words in an Eskimo street house. It was followed by the girl's flight up the road with the

The farmer was awakened one night by a strange moaning outside his bedroom window. He got out of bed and had a look outside. His wife sat up and asked, "What is it?" The farmer turned back to his wife and answered: "Only a ghost." The lady took a deep breath. "Really?" she said. "Is it anybody we know?"

broken firing at her with a revolver. He was accurate enough to wound her, but luckily she loved.

And at the Embassy Hotel at Flemington four men took objection to the manner in which another drinker was playing a game at the parlour. The licensee, a Miss Mary O'Shealy, ordered them out. The beer knocked the good lady and her sister to the door and took possession of the hotel.

In the running riot the drunks were arrested, and the police arrived to find the door in possession of the hotel and rapidly demanding it of its liquor.

It was not only the police who resisted the strong men seen. The ordinary citizen often used strong measures to protect his own life and property.

In Melbourne, for instance, market gardeners found that there were deductions in the loads of their horse-drawn vehicles on arrival at the city markets. It was customary for the gardeners to sleep while going in to the city,

leaving the horses to lead them to the market.

The unscrupulous soon discovered that they could help themselves to as much as they liked from the laden wagons while the owner dozed and his horses snored.

The owners retaliated by setting loaded spring traps under the peduncle-glossed pedicels that have gone out of fashion, but which are still seen in the miniature form as rabbit-traps. After some experience with these, it was reported in the press, the peddlers sought other pastures.

The pandemonium invaded the starters of civic affairs as well. At the stormy regular meeting of the Sydney City Council that week the Mayor completely lost control of an impassioned argument. While he futilely banged away with his

gavel two aldermen stood up and vilified each other. One of them resorted to bad language, and in eight sentences used eight of the most shocking of all swear words. There was some difficulty about getting him to withdraw.

So let there be no talk of the cities going to the dogs and spending their last days in cups of vice and violence—we're just satires.

For all the mayhem, though, the citizens were interested in other things besides fights and violence. The columns opposite that devoted to the report of the council meeting above dealt with the plaintive letter of a man who noted that the six clocks visible on Martin Place, including the one on the famous G.P.O. tower, all told times varying by a minute—from the hour to six past.



"... as a ship's captain is it's master, I am master of this household . . . and when I say 'unconvinced' . . ."

BLONDE BORGIA OF CINCINNATI



The death of several elderly men led Anna Hahn to the electric chair.

JAMES HOLLIDAY

WOMEN are not usually executed.

However, when they come along like Anna Maria Hahn of Cincinnati, there is nothing else to be done with them. Less than the death penalty would make a mockery of justice when the accused has a probable tally of eight poison victims.

That is Anna's record, and it makes the usually blonde German free use of the most brutal and vicious mass murderesses of modern times.

She arrived in the United States from Germany in 1888—a young widow in her mid-thirties. With her was a baby son. Her husband, Dr. Michaelis of Vienna, had recently died. She was on her way to join her well-to-do uncle, Karl

Gerswald, and his wife Mary in Cincinnati.

Soon after her arrival, Mary Gerswald died. Anna Maria Hahn continued to keep house for her uncle. He was so grateful that two years later he presented her with 3000-dollars worth of shares.

Then they argued. The 39-year-old Gerswald sued her for the return of his securities. He said that she had obtained them on a false promise that she would marry him.

The case never got to court. Anna placated the old man, and he withdrew his suit. Soon after he died and left her everything he possessed.

Another aged German on Ernst Kohler, a prosperous retired contractor, was then captured by the

hollowed chairs of the blonde. She moved into his comfortable home on Cincinnati's Colman Avenue as his housekeeper.

When he fell sick, she nursed him devotedly for two months until May, 1933, when he died. Apparently in tribute for her care, Kohler willed her his house.

Over the next few years, Anna Marie was remembered in the German district of Cincinnati for the murder and vicinity of her next neighbors. Gradually, she then began to spread rumors of "the loss of faith" of the chairman. Her own friends never seemed to live long.

They remained rumors, however, and no hint of them reached the police until June, 1932.

During the previous month, Anna Marie Hahn had met 39-year-old Jacob Wagner, a retired German rancher with 4000 dollars in the bank.

His old friend, Franz Grotzenmeyer, who ran a beer garden in the German quarter, missed the nightly visits Gagner had made to his establishment for years. He called at Wagner's tiny apartment and found him bright-eyed and bubbling with happiness. The old man confided his intimate associations with a pretty frau from the fatherland and her avowed love for him.

Neighbors, who were at first scandalized at the protracted visits of Anna, were reassured when she told them she was Wagner's nurse. At the beginning of June, she told them she was worried because Jacob was "not feeling well." On June 2 she sent him to hospital. On June 3 she died.

Franz Grotzenmeyer, when he heard of Wagner's death, went to the police and voiced his doubts of the plump lord: who has endeared his friend.

Lieutenant George Schettie, head

of the Cincinnati Hankle Squad, began an investigation. He found nothing to warrant even suspicion of murder. Wagner had died in long-ago Dresden who examined him caused a death certificate showing heart failure as cause of death. A will recently executed by Wagner was found. It was in order and left all his savings to Anna Hahn.

The woman had without doubt, used a doddering old man's infatuation to leech her fist. But there was nothing illegal about that. The police took no action on Grotzenmeyer's complaint.

On August 9, 1937, Anna Hahn again came to the notice of the Cincinnati police. They received a request for her arrest from the court of Colorado Springs, Colorado. Some jewelry had been stolen from a hotel where she had been lodging. It had been traced to a parsonage, where a woman of her description had raised 355 dollars on it.

The request of the Colorado authorities described her as "blonde, heavier, German, speaks English with an accent, registered at hotel as A. Hahn, Cincinnati." It also revealed the more interesting information that "A. Hahn" had originally arrived in Colorado Springs in the company of an old German named George Obendorfer. She told people she had met him on the train when he took sick and that he came from Chicago.

A day or two later the man got worse and was rushed to hospital. He died there of a reported heart attack.

Anna Hahn was arrested by the Cincinnati police and held on a robbery charge. However, in view of the death of George Obendorfer, and its similarity to that of Jacob Wagner which they investigated

only a couple of months before, they were more interested in the possibility of murder.

When Lieutenant Schettie interviewed Anna Hahn, she admitted the theft of the jewelry. She said she was stranded in Colorado Springs and had to have money to get back to Cincinnati. All her own cash had gone in the expense of looking after the sick old man, Obendorfer.

There appeared in her eyes when questioned regarding the death of Wagner and Obendorfer were not to her "I never hurt anyone in my life," she wealed. "The only thing I did was to be nice to old people. If that is what it gets me, I'll never try to help anyone again."

Schettie was impressed at her seeming sincerity. Then he made inquiries and found that Obendorfer was not a sick stranger she met on the train. He was a Cincinnati schooler, whom she had met months before when she took shoes to his shop. He had confided to friends he was going out west to buy a farm. Treating his associates proudly, and his eyes bright with a gleam they had not known for 30 years, he has then whispered that he was not going alone. He was planning to share his rural retreat with a wife—a delightful little blonde who had told him she loved him.

Obendorfer transferred his money from Cincinnati to a bank in Colorado Springs. The day after he arrived, a check for 1000 dollars signed by him was presented at the bank and cashed.

The blonde woman who presented it was identified by the teller as Anna Hahn. The money, it is believed, was intended by the aged Don Juan as a deposit on his debt. He then before he could use it—and the 1000 dollars disappeared.

Convinced they had married a

female Bluebeard, Lieutenant Schettie and his men went to work and dug out the known history of Anna Hahn. They told her their findings—of the sudden death of Dr. Mataphala, Mary and Karl Oswald, Ernest Kohler, Jacob Wagner and finally, George Obendorfer.

She agreed with them that it was strange so many people had died after coming in contact with him. "I must be bad luck to everybody," she laughed.

Schettie decided to have a look at Anna Hahn's home on Colman Avenue, which had been left to her four years before by Ernest Kohler. The woman was taken with the police in the inspection. She readily gave permission for a search, stating the necessity of a warrant. "I don't care where you search," was her airy reply. "No matter



Lieutenant Schettie, who brought Anna Hahn to trial

when you look, you will not find anything to show I have done wrong."

The woman followed the detective around as they made their search. She was seemingly unconcerned and confidently told them they would find nothing incriminating. But her eyes watched them every move. They searched when Schmitz decided to give the caller a going over. She followed close behind as he descended the stairs. She was plainly uneasy when the lieutenant climbed up to re-examine the rubble. Her face blanched when his hand lighted on a small bottle standing on a porch.

It was uncorked and empty. A thin film of powder, however, had been left on the inside. Schmitz fished some out with a match. He tasted it—and whistled.

"What's this arsenic doing up there?" he dropped at Anna Hahn. She did not lose her poise. "I don't know," she replied. "There's no cook in it, it must be some old bottle my son was playing with. He often brings them in from the doctor's yard next door."

It was plausible, but it did not stand up when the lieutenant re-interviewed the doctor. His name was Tex, and he denied the bottle could have come from his premises. Any-

way, he added, he had had no arsenic in his possession for years.

Anna Hahn was returned to police headquarters and held on the original charge of the jewelry theft in Colorado Springs. But newspaper reporters soon noted out that there was more to the affair than that. In a day or so they broke the real story, and listed the strange deaths that seemed to haunt the life of the attractive German.

The revelations brought an avalanche of fresh information and leads to Lieutenant Schmitz. To his office there first came a gentleman, pen-crimped coat, marchant named George Hahn.

He said he too had enjoyed a romantic interlude with Anna Hahn. Then he was a strong, fine-looking, prosperous businessman.

To her he advanced 1200 dollars. When he began to receive repayment, he began to feel sick. He grew too weak to leave his bed and lost the use of his legs. She fed him soup and beef — and he got worse.

"I didn't start to get better," he told Lieutenant Schmitz, "until I quit eating things she brought me. She was poisoning me. What's worse, she even stole money from my pockets when I was sick in bed."

George Hahn had no sooner departed after promising to report his charges in court than Schmitz's telephone rang. An anonymous voice told him: "If you want to find out some more about that Hahn woman, you'd better look into the death last Easter of Albert Palmer. He was another love-sick doctorm who fell for her like all the others."

The identity of the caller was never discovered, but his information was authentic. Palmer was 35, a retired railwayman in comfort-

able circumstances. He had died suddenly on March 27, 1917.

To his friends he had conceded that he had a young sweetheart. When they doubted him, he inconspicuously produced letters she had written him.

"My dear, sweet Daddy," one of them read "Will be at your house at 10 o'clock. Everything is straightened out. Don't worry because I couldn't stay yesterday. With all my love and kisses, Anna." The police discovered amongst his effects a promissory note signed by Anna Hahn for 200 dollars, which he had lost.

Like all the others, however, there seemed no suspicious circumstances about the death of Albert Palmer. A doctor had certified it as caused by coronary thrombosis and influenza.

Still another citizen appeared with more information about the strange workings of Anna Hahn's seductive charms. He was a relative of George Gullman, an elderly German with several thousand dollars in the bank. Gullman was found dead in his bed on July 4, 1917.

"I saw this woman's picture in the paper," the man said. "She was with George Gullman the night before he died. She kept taking him into the bathroom. He was very sick."

With such a mass of improved charges, the only course for the police was to enhance some of the bodies for medical examination. It was decided to concentrate on Palmer, Gullman, Wagner and Obermaier. All had died in similar circumstances and on comparatively recent dates.

While he waited for the post-mortem reports, Lieutenant Schmitz decided to work out a bunch of his own. An expert in forensic medicine, he had noted the coincidence



Illustration

"Tom, how many times have I told you not to pick up the kitty . . . now drop her!"



of acute dysentery as a symptom in most of the deaths.

Schettle again went out to Anna Hahn's house. For hours he went over it from end to end with the probing energy of a forensic cleaner. At last he was rewarded. Down the back of a lounge chair, he found a small bottle. It was labelled "Old of Croton".

The lieutenant told him he was on the right track now. For confirmation, he went to the office of Dr. Van Ness and asked the properties of croton oil.

"It is a very powerful purgative, lieutenant," the doctor told him, "dangerous and deadly. I have never used it in 30 years' practice. One drop is sufficient as medicine for a horse. Administered in any quantity to a human, it would be a potent and deadly poison."

Schettle smiled with satisfaction when he returned to police headquarters and received the medical report on the analysis of the unlabeled remains of the four men. All contained traces of both arsenic and croton oil.

It was decided to try Anna Marie Hahn for the murder of Jacob Wagner. The evidence against her was clear on each of the four definite murders, but the prosecution considered it was legally strongest in the case of Wagner.

The trial opened on October 11, 1935. A total of 96 witnesses was called. One of the most damning was a pitiful figure in a wheel chair, whom the Prosecutor described as "one living victim". This was pallid, ghastlike George Hain, who died soon after the trial. In a hushed courtroom, he told of his encounter of just a year before with the blonde prosecutor.

He revealed the different roles she used to borrow money from him. She promised she would marry

him, but kept delaying. "She said we would get married when I got better," testified Hain, "but I kept getting worse."

As soon as Hain left the stand, the Prosecutor called a charmer. He told the jury that in October the previous year, Anna Hahn had purchased two deadly poisons from him—arsenic and acid baculoids of mercury. She explained to him that she wanted them to treat "poor old Mr. Hain."

The judge summed up for the solemn-faced jury of 12 women and one man. They had a great responsibility. Never before in the history of the state of Ohio had a woman been sent to the electric chair.

Anna Hahn sweated their verdict closely. She was confident that her fellow women would not send her to death.

After two hours' consideration, the jury returned with their verdict. The foreman handed to an attendant a slip of paper on which was written the fate of Anna Marie Hahn.

"We the jury," the man read out, "do find the defendant guilty as charged in the indictment."

The prosecutor made no move or sound. She still expected to hear the added words, "... and we do recommend mercy."

But no such words were on the paper. The murderers found no mercy for her victims.

She appealed against the verdict—but to no avail. The death penalty stood.

At last Anna Hahn realized she was doomed. Her part-up emotions found an outlet in a wild attack on the women of the jury.

She still cursed them when they strapped her in the electric chair. "They should be executed by a psychiatrist," she kept repeating to herself.

pointers to better health

NO SOARS

Scars can be placed off now. New York Dr. Abner Kurlin of the American Academy of Dermatology recently explained the new method of removing scars. First sterilize the place where there are scars (say the face) with a chemical ice pack. The skin is then cleaned with alcohol (pure, not the stuff bought in bottles). After protecting the eyes, nostrils and ears with cotton wool, the skin is sprayed with a local anesthetic. This makes the skin insensitive, bloodless and rigid. Then, the face is placed with a rotary brush. This instrument is a revolving steel wire brush like a dentist's drill. Dr. Kurlin says satisfactory treatment can be obtained in cases of acne scars, swellings and chicken-pox scars, superficial malignant tumors of the skin, heavy growths such as warts or callouses, burns, burn scars and skin diseases in thickened areas of the skin.

TISSUE GRAFTS

First known successful transplantation of animal tissue to human patients has been reported by Dr. Charles A. Hefnagel, of Georgetown University, Washington, D.C. Four men are living with new tracheas taken from calves and a pig.

The animal arteries replaced damaged human arteries in the chest, arm and leg. In one case an entire section ten inches long was taken from a pig. The graft "took" in the human and has now been replaced in large part by a regrowth of scar tissue.

TRACING CANCER

Routine X-ray films of the chests of apparently healthy persons are paying off in the detection of early and curable cancer, according to Dr. Eugene Clark, surgeon of the University of Tennessee. The doctor stresses that it must be caught early and advocates X-rays at regular intervals.

EYE BALM

A small patch of fibrin film, made from blood, brings relief from pain and speeds healing when applied to the eye, so says Dr. C. William Weaver of Pittsburgh. Relief from painful scratches can be obtained in 5 hours and healing in about 48 hours. The film can also be used to treat chemical burns, abrasions and inflammation of the cornea. The film is formed when a drop of each of two biologicals—bovine thrombin and irradiated human plasma—are placed in the eye.

A MODEL'S DAY



Beauty and beauty, as displayed by Miss Conley, who is one of Hollywood's top models and who is rapidly climbing Blomkin's ladder of star life to be a model girl? It means hard work. Planned outfits, to keep that figure in only part of it.



You have to stay healthy and keep those gauchers away from your eyes. (The bags under our eyes have boudles on them). You have to go to bed early and rise early, just like Marie Wren—grab a quick cup of coffee and read of the paper before reporting for work

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Having arrived at the studio there is much posing in different positions and in different clothing. It may take a long time to take one picture—that pose has to be just right—and you keep a smile on your face all day? After day's work it's home, have tea, remove makeup and go to bed. Etc., the photographer is Peter Gureland



he ducked defense. Richards pulled out two or three light jabs with his left and Johnny Reider let go with a left swing. Richards stepped back and Reider's punch seemed to stop only inches short of the Stadium clock. Several more terrific swings from Johnny missed their mark and he appeared discouraged.

He worked in close and Billy Richards felt the weight of his heavy punches. The Australian quickly realized he would have to stall his opponent at close quarters and wrapped his arms around Johnny's body. Reider, however, was not to be denied and swung a terrific left into the region of Richards' kidneys. A roar of indignation erupted from the throats of the hundreds of onlookers, as referee Joe Wallis raised his first caution. Johnny Reider's expression was one of injured innocence.

Round two commenced with Richards paying his opponent a lot more of respect. He jabbed quickly and danced out of the danger zone. But Reider was not to be denied. He denied Richards towards a corner. His right hand was short but the left swing followed. The Australian swung back. Reider came in with another right which was ducked, and then the American brought down a chopping left right on to the neck of his adversary. This punch was so blatant that the spectators were immediately on their feet howling their disapproval. Joe Wallis quickly intervened and began what turned out to be a sequence of lectures.

So the fight went on. Johnny Reider committed almost every breach in the business. He shook, rocked, he kidney-punched, he held and hit, he used the heel and palm of his glove, he used the rabbit hit.

By the end of round ten he was warned by referee Joe Wallis at least a dozen times. Reider did not seem to regard his offenses as such. At times he appeared to be astonished at some of the reprimands.

Johnny Reider's temper at this stage appeared to be getting out of hand. However, most of his warning was directed at referee Joe Wallis. Twice the fight halted while Johnny argued and expostulated with Wallis in centre-ring, but Joe Wallis never lost control.

Then the bell rang for the fifteenth and last round. As the two boxers met in mid-ring, Richards extended his right hand to shake, but Johnny Reider brushed his glove aside, and immediately brought his left hand to the side of Richards' jaw. The Australian staggered. Referee Joe Wallis pushed between the two fighters and wrapped a warning finger under Johnny's nose. Pure and fury glared in the American's eyes, but the short respite gave Richards time to recover and he easily avoided the remainder of Reider's rushes and out-boxed his opponent. The final gong sounded and the fight was over. As Joe Wallis stopped even, he quickly crowned Richards and strode towards the ropes to make his exit from the ring.

Johnny Reider stared after him. His face showed first amazement, comprehension and then blind fury. In those fleeting seconds he darted after the retreating form of the newly referee and caught up with him just as Joe Wallis had his hand on the ropes. Johnny didn't miss that time. As Joe Wallis was in the act of turning, Reider threw a heavy right and left that both found their mark on the head of Joe Wallis. The reaction from the crowd in the Stadium that night

was terrific. A gigantic roar, as spectators scrambled to stand on their seats.

Joe Wallis wheeled on the American boxer. He really surprised me, Joe, although I had known he had been a fighter in his younger days. I was amazed to see Joe retaliate with two head punches that sent the American boxer reeling backwards. This was something, alright, something as sensation.

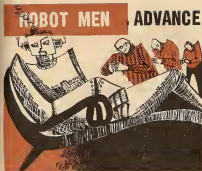
As the two struggling figures locked together, the ring suddenly was invaded. Blear-eyed, screaming policemen and attendants swarmed through the ropes to join the melee. Two I noticed scrambling up were Benny Jim Williams and Prince McCalla, two well-known negro fighters who were under contract to the Stadium, and had fought a number of times in that same square.

There were at least thirty men in the ring at that instant moment. The air was electric.

Suddenly there was the unknown sound of crashing timber, a loud groan and crash! All that mass of figures disappeared. The centre of the Stadium ring had completely collapsed under the unexpected weight, nerves and all. That sudden change of scene was possibly the best thing that could have happened. The temper of the crowd which easily could have been raised to the next stage, reversed, and a great shout of laughter rang through the arena as struggling figures were rescued and assisted over the side.

Johnny Reider was snuggled through the crowd under police protection. A few days later Johnny Reider was on the boat, being transported back to America. And he quickly sank into oblivion.





We are in an age of robots—robots more advanced than those within infinite robot men about which artists wrote last century.

LESTER WAY

Will you ever meet a robot man stalking down Pitt Street? Will we be able to send mechanical robots into battle to replace flesh and blood? Will some well-armed robot patrol a gang of robot criminals on the city one of these days, to loot shops and terrorize the people?

Fiction has been written around all these things. Readers have been oddly thrilled by the prospect of the coming Robot Age. We have been invited to shudder at the picture of robots so intricately

perfect that they have minds of their own, and can rebel against man's control and destroy us.

It is all too fantastic. It gives us a pleasant thrill of horror, like a dream we know isn't real. The vision of huge racial men, stalking on steel legs, glaring at us from electronic eyes, controlled by hyper-sensitive instruments in their torse, fades as soon as the shudder passes. In the meantime, however, we have plunged right into the Age of Robots without knowing it.

We have been taught to look for robots in human shape, with photo-cell eyes and metal arms and legs, so we haven't realized that robots have been doing a great deal of our work for a long time. There is the automatic telephone exchange, and the teleprinter that types a message by itself in response to electrical impulses, and a gadget that counts people going through a gate, and electronic calculating machines that solve problems men were unable to solve for centuries. There is the typewriter I am using, there is the type-setting machine the printer will use on this article. Robots have been built, or could be devised to do almost anything a man can do.

But a man can think! A machine, a thing made of steel and wire and electric batteries and valves, could never do that! Or, can it?

It is a fact that the thinking machine is already here. In 1948, at the Royal Society in London, the Fellows of the society pitied their brains against a machine that plays draughts and crosses. The machine beat them. Playing against scientists, it never made a wrong move, while the scientists did. That machine was at a recent electrical exhibit in the Sydney Town Hall, and was just as successful. Draughts and crosses is a simple game, of course; it doesn't take a great deal of mental exertion to play it; men don't sit for minutes on end in concentrated thought as they do when playing chess. Let them make a machine that plays chess!

They have; and it won!

During the war, they built a gun with a radar eye that not only started the cannon an enemy plane was taking, but calculated its speed, and guessed the exact spot where it would be at a given

moment. It aimed the gun at that point automatically, and fired it. Sometimes say it is now possible to make a robot that will read a printed book to a blind person, turn its pages, close the book at the end of the chapter, then go to the kitchen and make a cup of tea and bring it in.

But none of these robots have human form. If they move, they run on wheels, or on caterpillar-treads. If they talk, they use a radio-speaker, not metal lips; if they pick up something, they use suction-tubes, not metal fingers.

The idea of robots in human form didn't start with modern fiction-writers. Men have been making such robots for over two thousand years. In ancient Egypt, about 200 B.C., a pagan priest made an idol that would nod its head and lift its arm in blessing when burnt offerings were placed before it. The fire that burned the offering also heated water in a metal container, and the steam forced up a piston, working levers that moved the god's head and arm. He had invented the first steam engine! And he couldn't think of any use for it beyond tricking people with a phony miracle!

In 1784, a Frenchman named Vaucanson built machines that astounded Europe. The most famous was a wooden figure of a shepherd that played a flute. It really played the flute, blowing the air through its lips, regulating it with its tongue, working the stops with its fingers. It played twelve tunes, and musicians who heard it said it never played a false note. Vaucanson also made a robot duck that could stretch its neck in a perfectly natural manner. When corn was put in front of it, it not only pecked it up and ate it, but exercised its an-

well. It could flap its wings and quack. He earned a pile of money by exhibiting these marvels, and by selling booklets explaining how they worked.

In fact, from the Middle Ages onward, the urge to devise robots fascinated mechanics and servants. Courts had been employed for centuries in all big towns to cry the hours, but they weren't very prompt, and were often drunk; so the authorities began mounting bells in the bellies of tall buildings to strike the hours. They did that in Notre Dame way back in 1488, but the men they hired to strike the bell was worse than the organ, he was never sober, so they installed a clock, with a mechanism to strike the hours. Only, they put the hammer into the hand of a robot, so that people could see the robot-arm striking the bell. At Dijon, there was a whole family of robots, the husband struck the hours, the wife struck the half-hours and two children struck the quarter-hours.

The first writing-machine was invented so far back as 1796 and had the form of a beautiful woman; it didn't print letters, it literally wrote them, with a real pen and liquid ink. It is still in existence in a Vienna museum, and it still writes. A few years later, a group of Swiss mechanics made a robot in the form of a small boy who sat at a desk, dipped a pen in an ink-well, shook the pen, and wrote a perfect hand, while his head and eyes followed the writing. He still works perfectly after nearly two hundred years.

A chess-playing robot was built at about the same time as the writing-machine. Frederick the Great, who thought he was a good chess-player but wasn't, challenged

the machine, and was beaten. Then Napoleon, knowing he was a greater general than Frederick, decided that he could beat the robot, but the robot conquered even the great Napoleon.

That robot was destroyed in a fire in America when it was a hundred years old. There are many drawings and descriptions left, however, and it was a fraud. It was a conjurer's trick, not a true robot. It was built in the form of a Turk sitting before a chess-board. The chess-board was on a desk with many openings, and conjurers who examined it said it was a perfect example of a conjurer's contrivance, a box which appears to be empty while hiding an accomplice. No doubt it did an accomplice who manipulated the robot and directed its game. The robot was not actually playing.

Another fraud was a robot that played cards. It was more fancy than the chess-player, and finished up in the London Museum. It was operated by pneumatic pressure applied from a distance.

Neither of these machines were actually playing the games themselves; they were merely puppets by which a hidden operator played. But that is not the case of the robot that recently defeated Fellows of the Royal Society at draughts and crosses. That machine was itself making the moves, using standard automatic telephone exchange equipment. It responded to an opponent's moves, and countered them, in the same way as a telephone-exchange responds when you dial a number.

The modern chess-playing machine is no fraud either. It is true that it plays only an "end-game", but it plays it. It starts with the

pieces placed as they would be when a game is almost finished, and when there are no more than five possible sets of moves and counter-moves. From that point, the machine plays the game to a finish, and without mistakes. In theory, scientists say, it is possible to build a machine that could play an entire game of chess, but that isn't likely to be done. No one has ever yet calculated all the moves and counter moves possible in a game of chess, and they'd need to do that before they could build such a machine.

But there is a machine that solves problems in mathematics which have stumped Kantian. It really solves them, not because it can think better than Kantian, but because it can make laborious calculations faster. Mathematicians know how to solve such problems, but it would take too much time; nobody ever had that much time to spare, so they have built their knowledge into a machine. They let the robot do the hard work.

These machines do have some of the powers of the human brain. They can see and hear, and can react to what they see and hear. They have a limited power of memory. Some of them can reason on a restricted scale.

We are living in the Age of Robots. We are meeting robots, wherever we go; when we switch on our radio, when we call a number on the telephone, when we pause to let a traffic-light change.

These robots have given some startling ideas to psychologists and neurologists. We don't yet know exactly how impulses are carried through the nerves to the brain, and then from the brain to the muscles of the human body. Now that we have made machines that

see and hear and feel, however, and act in response to these sensations, we know how the machine carries the impulses. The machine converts light-waves, or sound waves, into a series of electrical pulses. The latest calculating machine converts numbers into electrical pulses, these electrical charges travel as wires, and make the machine do the things its inventor wanted it to do.

Scientists have begun to wonder if that is how the nerves in our bodies carry messages to our brains, and impulses from our brains to our muscles. They began testing human nerves for electrical changes. They found that an electrical pulse does actually run through a nerve when it is stimulated. A German discovered that he could measure, very roughly, the electrical charge of a man's brain, and, for a number of years now, they have been improving on that. They know that the charge rises and falls with mental strain and release from strain, so that the old adage about a "brain-wave" has become literal, and full of meaning. Studying these "waves" of electricity, they are learning how our brains work.

They haven't all the answers yet, but they have some. Already it has helped them to cure epilepsy and brain tumors, and they are learning more all the time.

Men started by making robots that could do some of the things a man does. Then the robots turned around and started teaching us how we manage to do things we do! So now they have a robot that looks into our heads, and tells us more about how we think than we know ourselves!

That old Egyptian priest sure started something!

don't be NEUROTIC

If you are neurotic you are in good company.

But it is better to be normal—and you can be.

RAY DAVIE



BYRON was a queer bird. So was Shelley. Henry Ford had his oddities. So did Leonardo da Vinci. So did Napoleon. So have many other people who have made notably good or bad marks on the world. And in the streets of every city in Australia, and beyond the cities, walk people who belong to the same happy-unhappy class to which all or most of the people named belong. In other words, they are neurotics.

Are you neurotic? The fact that you're odd in certain small ways doesn't necessarily mean that you are, though possession of odd traits, perhaps known only to yourself, are strong indication of neuroticism.

If you are neurotic, take comfort. Remember that you have a greater potential chance of affecting the world for good than Tom or Jim down the road who is as neurotic as a root vegetable.

Suppose you're walking along a deserted street, and suddenly see some people appear at the other end. Do you feel that you should shuffle down the nearest side street to avoid them? Have you ever felt, for no particular reason, that you should commit suicide right away? Do you have a strong sex urge? When you've been talking with someone, do you mentally go over the conversation, try-

him, and help, and help may also be given through treatment of the glands.

For instance, a person who is slow moving, and inclined to pudge fat, may be helped by treatment of his deficient thyroid gland.

But apart from these characters, there are many less badly afflicted who can do much to help themselves. And yet these people today are unhappy because they haven't stumbled on the right approach and treatment for their problems.

Here it should be added that a person who suddenly loses his nervous behavior suffers one small handicap. He's no longer able to make unconscious allowances for himself because of his nervousness. He can't make it an excuse for failure.

But the rewards of release are great. Firstly there is the blessed sense of release from worry and depression and fatigue, and the energy thus released may be used to carry the neurotic to heights of achievement and happiness.

Neurotics tend to over-compensate. Those who carry this through may finish by being as strong as certain directions as they were previously weak. There was the case of Napoleon, for instance. Deigned as a youth an infantry squire, he deliberately set out to become a great soldier.

One of the most famous over-compensators of modern times was Mr. C. W. Boers, an American who was certified insane, and spent some time in an asylum. The experience left such a mark on him that he determined to work for the benefit of other insane people when he got out. He wrote a best-selling book on his experiences, then founded a committee to investigate matters of mental hygiene, with the result that the lot

of the mentally sick in the United States was vastly improved.

The neurotic should learn not to be ashamed of himself. He should remember that neurotics have moulded the world as it is today, despite the opposition of the ordinary ones of the earth. He should develop a cheerful attitude to life, consciously and determinedly repudiate such negative thought with a positive one.

It may also help the neurotic to remember back to the trivial causes of his trouble. In some cases he may be able to remember some accident which has coloured his existence since. Or he may remember the negative outlook of his father or mother, who taught him to be terrible in life, to respect his superior, to such a degree that he developed strong feelings of inferiority.

It is more than likely that the neurotic knows his dominant weakness since he's inclined to be the inverted type. Then he should deliberately begin to over-compensate, to try his hardest to overcome his handicap, to make his weakness a strength. Starting as the hardest part. Once the progress is in motion, the neurotic will find that he has released a certain amount of energy which will help him along. If he perseveres he will find that the tide will run strongly in his favour, since he is essentially a dynamic type of person.

If he feels inferior, he should greet everyone cheerfully and confidently—as an equal—and never mind those who disapprove. If he's unsteady, he should try every possible way to improve it. If he's gloomy, he should deliberately try to make himself a laughing fellow. Action is the key-word for the neurotic!



Wally was a sticky fellow; he was an ugly fellow and they laughed at him. But, after what he did, I'm proud of him.

HE was a good boy, that one, that Wally. He showed them all. He showed that Tommy Cudgong was a thing or two, by smugling someone people stop me in the street and say "Hey, you, Wally, who's that Wally fellow now?" And they look to joke "They are people who have been away a long time and have just come back to the town. I soon tell them about Wally and what he did."

I was pretty good to look at when Big Owen came up from Cathlamet and took me for a walk. I saw that fellow eight kids in ten years, and then he walked out on me. That long man wasted me—

never worked, all the time on for a walkabout in the sun and sitting down and sleeping, and the months were all gone to feed.

I had six boys, two girls. First one girl, then the other, dead, and I thought "Well, there'll be more to set slow. My six boys were good strong boys, and the bigger boys helped to find the little boys like mother birds." Besides, four months after Big Owen walked out on me I had this one, this Wally.

In the dark after midnight I brought this Wally into the world. I looked at him in the lamplight, and he made me sick to look at him. He made me cry. Such an

ugly fellow, all wrong. His head was a crooked shape, big and lopsided. All my children were flat children, but then Wally, he was nothing like them.

He was a great shock to me, but I could not put him away. I could only love him all the more because he needed more love. I reared my children, and my children reared themselves, and one by one they went away. Sammy, he went up to Katherine and went for Gwen, Biddy and Frankie went to Queensland, Maurice and Jacky made off to their cousins at Cobarr. They were all gone by the time Wally was ten, and me and Wally lived together.

Wally was a quiet fellow. He was a pretty boy. He had no talk. People frightened him and made him very sad and made him cry, too. I sent Wally to school, but the boys and girls made a big joke of him. They laughed and cheered him. I saw the schoolteacher about these cruel boys and girls, and he said he would do something, but he didn't stop them. I told him I would take Wally away, and he said to me: "Your Wally is not bright. He's a very backward boy. You would not love anything if you took him away."

I said this to Wally: "You listen to people, Wally, and you get hurt and sick inside. So you don't listen no more to people, Wally. You remember—you're just as good as any one."

Wally held me while his heart broke. It was that teacher who told him he was a stupid big head; it was those boys and girls who called him names; it was those men in the town who played jokes on him. They all had some fun with Wally.

They would say: "Where your father, Wally? Did he run away when he saw you?"

They'd say: "Keep your mouth shut, Wally, don't let it hang open like that—somebody'll think it's a tumor!"

Many things like that, they'd say.

He might laugh, then Wally, he might grin a bit, and they might think they didn't hurt him, but they hurt him all right.

Wally was thirteen when I took him from school, and a man gave him a job learning two miles away. But he was no good. The man told me: "Wally, manna, he's the biggest, silliest fool of a boy I ever struck, never done doing the wrong thing, all the time." But Wally told me different. The man joked him all the time, and pushed him around, and Wally couldn't think straight about what he was doing and so he made mistakes.

I thought: "God up there in the sky, what will I do with this son? He is not like the others at all. They are all gone out in the world. They are doing all right. What is going to happen to Wally?"

When he was sixteen he was still with me and people were saying: "Why don't you kick that fellow out, Biddy? He's just a big loafer—like his father." They said: "You wake up to yourself, Biddy. He's only pretending to be silly in the head, so you'll look after him and he won't have to work."

They said all this to Wally, too. "What's the matter with you, lying on your mother," they'd say. "You'll never get anywhere."

Wally told me this and he said it was right. He believed it. He was no good to anybody. He had never done anything. He was never go-

ing to be anything. He was a failure.

He shouted and cried like a little boy. He went about with a dark-sweat made him. He never talked much, not even to me. He lay about the place with his eyes open, thinking.

That was the way Wally was when the police sergeant came from Nyagaa one morning with the black-robed, Tommy Cadgagoo. I saw them walk across the paddock towards the railway line, then Tommy Cadgagoo looking at the ground. They stopped at the path-way line and talked. I called Wally. Hurry, they came down the paddock to our house.

"Hello there, Biddy," the police sergeant said. "Didn't happen to see any strangers around here last night, did you?"

"You looking for somebody, sergeant? No, I saw nobody."

The police sergeant looked at Tommy Cadgagoo and said: "You're properly right, Tommy."

"Yeah, I know I am," Tommy Cadgagoo said. "He be in Dabbo now, I bet."

He was all smiles, then Tommy Cadgagoo. A smart fellow but he fixed himself too much. A young fellow with a gold tooth and all the same he had got gone to his head. I saw him looking with a grin at Wally, and just wishing to say something nasty, but with me there he wasn't game.

"What happened?" I asked the sergeant.

"Oh, just a little case of murder, Biddy. You know old Bob Trim, the butcher? Well, we found old Bob's body out in the scrub. Head bashed in, pockets turned out."

"How long dead?"

"Well, he was seen alive after the rains yesterday. Was in a pit."

Had a roll on him. It must have happened last night, fairly early."

"You know who killed old Bob?"

"Could have been one of two men, we think. We've got descriptions. Strangers in town. They were drinking with him. The one that was bumping the heavy looks like the one we're after."

"How do you make that out?"

"Well, Tommy here picked up the tracks from old Bob's body, and they stopped right back there at the railway line. A goods went through at 11.10 last night. She slows up on the grade there. We reason that our men jumped the train and maybe rode the bumpers and we'll look for the swagga."

"What'll you do now—go back to tell Trangan, Narroonine and Dabbe and all those placed to be on the lookout?"

"That's right, Biddy."

When they were gone I felt very sorry. Bob Trim was a good man. One time he gave me a whole pearled mate.

I told Wally I just had to go into town and tell Mrs. Trim how sorry I was. I stayed in town a long time, having talk and seeing friends, and Wally was sleeping wood for the fire when I came back in the evening.

We ate meat and bread, and then Wally said to me: "That Cadgagoo, he thinks he's a very smart fellow."

"He's plenty smart just the same."

"He's not so clever," Wally said.

"No? What makes you say that?"

"That man the policeman was looking for—he didn't get on the train."

"How do you know?"

"He's hiding out there near the Black Rock."

"What do you mean? You tell me quick."

Wally told me, and I looked at him, and said: "I am pleased with you, and proud. We'll go and tell the sergeant straightaway."

But Wally would not come, so I went alone. And all the way I thought of how Wally had come to know that country; how he had gone over it stick by stick and stone by stone as a child and a young fellow, loving it, because it made no noise at home or cruelty; all his ways and words were kind.

The police sergeant was at the station talking to Tommy Cudgong. He wasn't going to believe me, and Cudgong just laughed.

"That's true," I said. "He didn't get on the train. My boy, Wally, tracked him."

"That fellow used to be dead," Cudgong laughed. "Oh, sergeant!"

"He's a damn sight smarter than you," I said. "You say the man stopped at the railway line where the tracks stopped. You say he got on the train. Wally, he looked at these tracks. And he picked them up again half a mile further along. The man ran along the line, on the rail. He just wanted to throw you off the scent, and that's what he did. He fooled you."

Cudgong looked a bit funny, and the sergeant said: "Okay, Reddy, we'll be out at dawn!"

Wally didn't want to show them, but I made him. We went to the place where the tracks stopped at the line; then Wally led the way down along the sleepers to

the spot where the tracks left the line on the other side.

"They the same, Tommy?" the sergeant said.

"Yeah," Cudgong said, and he was not happy.

Wally took the men to a fence where the tracks vanished. Cudgong looked puzzled. The sergeant wanted to know what now. Wally kept his head down and said in a little voice: "The man walked along the fence. Sideways. He stood on the bottom string and held the top one, and walked on the wire. This way."

"How fast?"

"Heard a noise," Wally said.

He took us down along the fence to the place where the man left the wire, crossed the paddock and went into the scrub. This side of the ridge I saw Cudgong picking up the tracks the same as Wally, and I said to the sergeant: "This, Wally, he's got plenty head on him, too. He says this fellow who killed old Bob is no longer. He says he's a local man."

"How does he make that out?"

"He knows all about a tracker being at the station, Wally says. He knows the tracker will be put on to him. And he knows he will have to beat him. Another thing: Wally says he thinks the man you want is not a white man, because a white man is not likely to think of how to fool the police this way."

"You mean he thinks he's a coloured man?"

"Yes."

Wally led the way through the scrub to the Black Rock, and the sergeant drove out his gun. He told us to wait there while he went on alone down into the gully. In a few minutes he came back, a black man with him, handcuffed, and I saw the man was Wild Duck

Peter, who came from Walgett way six months ago, and everybody thought him a harmless man who went around from place to place doing odd jobs.

"Good boy, Wally," the sergeant said. "You're a little beast." And I saw Wally smile, and a look came in his eye.

And that's what I tell people when they say: "Where's that Wally now? What happened to him?"

I tell how he beat that Cudgong at his own game, and I make sure people know how smart that Wild Duck Peter was, how he followed old Bob from the pub and killed him, and hid away, leaving the money at the Black Rock, like a bank, with the idea of getting a bit out now and then and knocking about Nyngan all the time and nobody knowing any different.

And that, I say, was how this Wally that was no good to anybody, that people looked down on and made a joke of— that was how this fellow came to be a police tracker while he was only a boy, and was greater than the great Tommy Cudgong. And greater than all of them anywhere. The sergeant himself said that, and if nobody believes it the sergeant will tell them damn quick.

Listen, Wally is gone now. He died with sick lungs. But they've got a picture of him, big as a newspaper, hanging over the fireplace at the police station. If he was no good why did they do that, eh? My advice, you try to tell old Reddy they'll honour a black man if they think nothing of him. He was a great man, that Wally, and that's his picture, and he was my son.



CAVALCADE

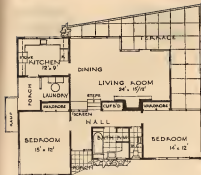
W. WATSON-SHARP



HOME OF THE MONTH No. 8

The problem of building on sloping ground has been met with with increasing frequency. As most of the level land in the crowded cities has already been built on, sloping and irregular blocks are fast becoming all that remain available.

Cavalcade suggests a two-bedroom timber home built on two levels to follow the contours of a block which slopes away from the street. Bedrooms and bathrooms are on the higher level, while from the entrance hall steps lead down into the large com-



bined living and dining room. The kitchen and laundry are also on the lower level.

As with most sloping blocks, a good view is obtained, and in this case it is from the rear. The living-dining room features full length windows on the view side and a glass door leading out on to an open terrace.

Although designed in timber, this home can also be built in brick.

The minimum frontage required is 50 feet, and the overall area 1,170 square feet.



DOUBLE TROUBLE

A classic instance of mistaken identity once occurred at Hives-street, New York. A man named Doug settled there, got a job, married and lived happily for six months. Then he disappeared when someone discovered he already had a wife in another town. Two years later a bachelor named Parker moved to Hives-street and was "recognized" as Doug and he was tried for bigamy. In addition to a dozen other witnesses, Mrs. Doug herself positively identified him as Doug. The testimony was dismissed by Mrs. Doug's claim that her husband had a big red scar on his right foot. Parker removed his shoe and toe and proved he had no scar. The case was dismissed.

FLYING HOME

Early this year a Marine Corps helicopter flew a 1900b home for half a mile, then sat it on the ground. The home was semi-circular and equal in area to a 34-man barracks. The demonstration showed how armies might take their barracks into battle. Home comfort, as it were.

FROM Paddock TO KITCHEN

In England a bull contracted arthritis and was successfully treated with cortisone. The bull, a prize one, had been treated with every kind of drug but had got worse until the cortisone was used. After 14 daily cortisone injections, the once crippled bull could walk normally. But when the treatment ceased, the pain returned. The drug is expensive and veterinary surgeons did not have enough to continue treatment, so the bull who was stiff with arthritis, was stiffened permanently; he became beef.

SCOUT FOR FOOD

Food can be detected at incredible distances by Archia domes, when their sense of smell is enhanced by hunger, it has been found. A hunter caught a fox in a trap baited with a bird. He went back over the fox's tracks in the snow and found that it had scented the bait five miles away. After smelling the bird, it changed its course and travelled in a straight line for the bird. He got the bird all right. What's more, he got the brush-off. Which points to the moral: "Never put your nose in other people's business." The bird was scented and the fox was sent off.

HOLLYWOOD ON THE TIBER

They make splash films, pay in 100%, which are not always honored, but all in Italy clamor to become film stars.

MARCIA McFARLAN



A GENTLEMAN from the West Coast of America set \$4 a day. Little table at an outdoor cafe on Rome's Via Veneto. He was sipping coffee sipping half a world away from home. Glancing about him at the many familiar faces he remarked gently: "Hollywood on the Tiber, I presume."

The name, repeated with gusto by tourists from high society in Hollywood, America and echoed proudly by the local film fraternity, stuck.

Rome, the love of the poets, haunt of archaeologists and Mecca of Christian pilgrims, is in this year of grace 1954 a.d. one vast movie lot. Italian, Indo-American, Indo-French, British film companies and a flock of unidentifiable small concerns which explode into being and as rapidly fade out, are making films in Rome. The Yanks have been taking advantage of the 12 months' tax concession for Americans working abroad. Everyone is taking advantage of Italy's possibilities for making movies on a shoe-string budget.

Always excepting the handful of big-name stars, Italian actors can be hired more cheaply than those in Britain or Hollywood. Technicians work longer for less, and the colorful landscape slept in sunshine makes outdoor shooting possible for eight months of the year, which means a saving on expensive

studio lighting. From the island of Lagan to the cobble-paved streets of Trieste and the fortress town of Taurianova, ready-made movie sets are to be had for the asking, or, considering their authenticity, reasonable payment.

It is difficult to take a peaceful coffee on the Veneto these days and listen to the lifting, trussed Italian tongue. The most common language now is American. It is even difficult to find a man for undisturbed meditation on the glories of the past. Everywhere, one bumps into generators and trips over miles of electric cable.

Once in a single afternoon I encountered an Italian company making a re-lighting scene on top of Castel St. Angelo. Vittorio di Sica, up at the machine and glass railway station, directing Jerry Jones and Monty Clift as "Terrence Shallen", and Audrey Hepburn, plus Director Wyler, camera crew and several generators, buying flowers from a vendor on the Spanish Steps. "Roman Holiday" was in the making then and Rome was beginning to talk about that "etna beauty", that "hey quality" which has since won Audrey as Queen.

The film industry was one of the first of the Italian industries to rise Phoenix-like from the ruins of war. Directors such as Rossellini and di Sica gathered together their scrappy crews, tidied up what was left of the sound-stages of their film city, picked their stars off the streets and turned the industry of a nation into art. Rossellini's how "Shoeshine", "Hiçyela Thieves", and "Open City" made the reputations of Marcell, Aldo Fabrizi, Rossellini and di Sica and were hailed by critics as set-

ting a new aesthetic standard for motion pictures!

Each time have passed away with the times that made them possible and a new type of film is coming out of Italy. The slick, commercial feature instead of "Hiçyela Thieves", we have "The Black Pirate", and "Seven Deadly Sins", instead of "Open City", the light musical "City of Song".

An occasional porn film Alessandro Blasetti's Venice grace-winner "Times Come By" is still produced but the trend is to period films which can be cheaply made by hiring the best costars for a few days and converting the costumes used in the cloak and dagger film before last. The Italians are well equipped to compete against Hollywood in this field. Rome with an instinct for the spectacular, they know how to keep My Average-Movie-goer on the edge of his seat and their colorful history can supply enough material to keep scriptwriters busy for the next hundred years.

Cinecitta, half an hour's drive from Rome, was a ruin used to house refugees immediately after the war. Today its more grand sound-stages, workshops and administrative buildings sprawl over 268 acres of parkland. It is equipped for the simultaneous production of 18 films. Last year forty-eight feature films as well as documentaries, commercials and some TV films for the American market were produced.

Shooting goes on almost round the clock. It is nothing for a director, racing between schedules, to work his team until two o'clock in the morning then tell them to be back on the set by six-thirty. The second stage alone with light-

recound with hammering as carpenters put together a Spanish courtyard, a parrot gallop or even the interior of a cathedral, and echo with rills for "Sun, moon, snow", which turn out to be simply the familiar Hollywood jargon of "lights, camera, action".

Before the cinema industry, Rome had only the parliament, the war-aid trade, and an unemployment problem. Films have done their share towards absorbing portion of the unemployed in a land where there are never enough jobs nor lire to go round.

However many Italians with money regard their cinema industry as a get-rich-quick scheme. The movie formula for doubling your dough without working for it is to form a company, get hold of a story of some sort, a few actors and technicians, and make a film. Even if the film is bad it will sell sufficiently to give the producers-speculators their money back and a bit more.

A neat little system of paying employees makes certain that the investors don't lose. It is possible to buy from any bank, newspaper or tobaccoist an official SOU called a scribble which is a legal form of payment and must be honored after a certain date. Some movie companies pay their crews and actors with scribbles. Only too often the date of payment arrives and no cash is forthcoming. The unhappy holder of a wad of scribbles may protest but who is he going to prosecute? The film has been sold, the speculators have reaped a profit and the company which issued the notes has been dissolved . . . into thin air.

Still, the industry holds out the lure of fame and riches to a poor people. Every second woman in

Rome, and nearly as many men, dreams of becoming a film star. It is the aim of "Mink" and quick steps to stardom. Teenage Rossini, Poiretti, of the voluptuous figure, peasant face and rumpled sequine hairnet, is the most recent elevation to the screen constellations.

A year ago Rossini was just another of the dozens of beautiful girls studying at the Experimental Centre school for actresses, jostling with other entries for a place close to the camera. Suddenly casting directors (ghost-masters of viewing careers are fast away through a plausibility and seeing nothing) discovered Rossini under their noses. She played a couple of supporting roles, shot to stardom as the tragic passionate heroine of "Love Story", has been featured in top American magazines and is on her way to becoming one of the first ladies of the Italian cinema.

The Italian cinema industry has very little conscience about its "ends" which they have served their purpose. The story of the boy or girl, man or woman, picked off the streets, out of the slums or the fishing villages to play a particular character, elevated to stardom in a day, fed, paid more money in a week than they would earn in a year, then dropped without explanation or even thanks back into obscurity and poverty is a common story.

Despite the anti-trade stars and workless scribbles, the Romans are earning good money in their new industry even if they only work as extras. When a new film is being shot, the offices at Cinecitta are crowded with hopeful applicants.

Even the impoverished aristocracy have concluded that one may work for the camera without loss of dignity.

I overdropped on this conversation in a waiting office. A glamorous, beautifully-groomed, lovely woman approached the assistant casting director, offering him her card. "I am the Chinese So-and-So," she murmured. "I am not asking for special consideration for the part but would you mind showing me some place where I can wait alone. My maid is also applying for the part and I wouldn't like her to see me here . . . especially if she were successful and I not."

Such incidents occur so frequently that assistant casting directors have developed a special instinct for picking amnesia-struck nobility and with great deftness showing them to a private room where they need not fear embarrassing encounters.

Privately families such as the Colonnas's and the Orselschitz's have turned their ancestral castles, which dot the hillsides round Rome, into seats by hiring them out as movie sets. The beautiful ballroom of the proud reception sequence of "Roman Holiday" was its studio facade but the grand ballroom of the century-old Colonna palace, Director William Wyler hired at for several hundreds of thousands of lire a day.

The journalists who met the "princess" were also authentic. H. during the shooting of that scene, Vassarova had blown his top, there would have been scarcely a soul on the Foreign Press building to give the news to the world. Ten pounds a day and a chance to calculate at close range the difference round La Hepburn's tiny waist had tempted the hard-headed foreign correspondents to play themselves.

It is said that Anthony Hepburn

will bring back the "boyish" figure, but all those correspondents would have worked for nothing to get as close to Mary's Gina Lollobrigida.

Together with Gina Lollobrigida, the versatile Anna Magnani and classically-beautiful Silvana Mangano are queens of the Italian screen. They hold their places against all the ripe, young beautiful directors can "find" or selling schools manufacture. Of the three, Gina is Italy's highest paid screen actress.

Apart from her distinctive shop-girlisms, Gina is famous for her liquid dark eyes, her addiction to lawuits and her string of nicknames. To the English-speaking community of Rome she is "The Treasure Chest of Italy". The Italians with shy, ardent wet refer to her as their darling "Gina Peccatore", and tough guy Humphrey Bogart, who can't get his tongue round Lollobrigida, simply calls her Frigidaire.

Hollywood, America, has tried to lure Gina and several other deeply Italian away from the steel film city but all have turned down the offers.

Rome has earned and intends to keep the title, "Hollywood on the Tiber".

Rome has the title, but Venice presents the Oscar. This year's summer International Film Festival in August was the fourteenth since Venice's initial attempt "to mass moving pictures to the aesthetic level of still art." Movie studios all over the world, with Hollywood well represented, sent their best films to compete for the Golden Lion of St Mark. Maybe the Golden Lion will, one day receive more public acclaim than Hollywood's Academy Award.



They are one race of people, but the western Nagas are peaceful, while their eastern brothers are headhunters.

If you go east from Kohima, in Assam, where the tea plantations are, and follow a track past Teb, you will reach the territory of the Nagas.

More probably, however, you won't reach it, because white people aren't ordinarily permitted to go into that wild land of swamps, punctuated in parts by strange spots of Western ways.

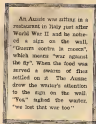
If, by the remotest chance, you should reach Lanna, and cross the border into Burma, you will be in head-hunting country. About the only thing that might save you would be if you could work magic, or had with you a large supply of salt, which is far more precious than gold to these wild

people. Even then treachery would probably follow.

The Nagas are a mixed race, spread over a big area of the Assam and Burma hill country. These in the western half are quiet, friendly people, but very active. They are tough, wary, and headworking. For these children of Nature the quarrelsomeness of this are some bright beads and colorful new caps.

The western Nagas are not headhunters or cannibals, like their eastern kinsmen. The influence of white men tamed and partially civilized them, a few of whom have been given some meagre education.

They drink beer in bamboo containers. It is an effective local brew.



An Acheen was sitting in a restaurant in Hanoi just after World War II and he achieved a sign on the wall, "Guerra contra la mosca", which means "war against the fly". When the food was served a swarm of flies settled on it. The Acheen drew the waiter's attention to the sign on the wall. "Yes," smiled the waiter. "We lost that war too."

seeds from crushed and fermented rice, and looks like watered milk. Those who have tasted it say that it is very potent.

Because their country is hilly, well-watered country, there is a profusion of flowers—orchids and peonies mainly.

Naga men, particularly the old officers. They consist of palm-leafed hats huddled together. The walls and floors are made of bits of bamboo or mud-plastered reeds. A few, just a few, are more pretentious. The chief's residence and the storehouse are constructed out of heavy wooden planks.

Naga marital codes are loose, differing by sex standards, but these loose morals apply only to unmarried people. Marriage is sacred and breaking of the marriage vows means severe punishment.

Naga men, particularly the old, like, enjoy smoking a special kind of Naga tobacco in a very special and quaint Naga pipe. Obviously this habit came from the first white

man who ventured into their holy territory.

On the whole these western Nagas are not unfriendly. Undoubtedly the white man has done much to break down their isolation and hostility.

Their tribal customs persist, in the same way as do the Australian aboriginal customs. Once a year they have a sacrificial ceremony, not with human beings, but with a rat or monkey as the victims. While the victim is being led through the village "street", the villagers hang the walls and roofs of their huts for the purpose of frightening away the evil spirits.

The rodent or monkey is then taken to a large stone on the outskirts of the village, and there it is killed, disembowelled, and crushed. This sacrifice the Nagas believe will absorb all their own sickness and suffering during the year ahead.

But their western countrymen—those between the border and the Chindwin River and beyond—are warlike, murderous, and steeped in outrageous cruelty. They eat human beings, dogs, and snakes. But women under 50 years of age are not allowed to eat meat. When they reach the half century they may gorge on delicacies to their heart's content.

These headhunters and cannibals have been known to collect as many as 54 heads in one month, most of them formerly belonging to their dark brown enemies, for very few white adventurers make their way into this dangerous region of the Naga hills.

The eastern Nagas fight among themselves, not with their fists, but with ugly bladed weapons. They use long thin spears, darts, a primitive kind of cannon, crossbows, and arrows. The arrows are poisoned

with arsenic, snake's venom, and rotted herbs, and possess a rack of the top so that they will break off when they strike the bone.

The customs are made of leather lined with strips of leather and pins. They are loaded with gunpowder from which they get that is nobody's guess), pellets, and sometimes. These customs can only be used once.

Among these Nagas might at night and treachery is an accepted fact in their lives. If they be well armed, and have a grievance against someone, maybe a neighbor or even a relative, they will spring their attack without hesitation or warning.

The scenery has a romantic setting—beautiful valleys and gorges, blue hills, water and grass, and forests in abundance. For coconuts, pandanus, other jungle products, and snakes are in profusion.

Estimated population of the Naga Hills is believed to be about 180,000 (including about 100,000 Kachis, who are said to call Nagas the eastern Nagas in Nagayong), but nobody knows the real figure.

When British ruled India and Burma, administrators did their best to control and tame the unruly Nagas, and several times they paid for it with their lives.

Sometimes the dark-skinned warriors (usually fine specimens in physique, with tough muscles) would run outwards across the plains in search of human beings and their property, ambush their victims, and carry them away to the valley below, or into the mountains of their hill villages.

In 1872 a survey party under Lieutenant Holcomb was treacherously murdered by the Nagas. Not a soul returned. In January, 1873, a force mounting another survey

party under Captain Butler went out on a similar mission to that of their unfortunate predecessors. The force and the surveyors were violently attacked by the Indians, but were unsuccessful on this occasion. Later in the same year, however, before the survey had been completed, Captain Butler of the Indian Army was cut off from his comrades, and was promptly killed by the Nagas.

In 1878-80 Deputy-Commissioner Barant was waylaid and murdered by these savages. For this the British authorities exacted sharp punishment on the tribes, but it failed to teach them a lesson. Shortly afterwards they murdered a tea planter, and committed other outrages.

Subsequent patrols by white men have been made, but the eastern Nagas have remained untamed.

It was on the rugged terrain of the Naga Hills that much fighting took place in World War II.

Many an Allied soldier crashed in the primitive jungles and on the hillsides where the Naga people dwell. Frequently march parties were sent out to look for them, but with only occasional success. Sometimes the marchers, though heavily armed, were ambushed by the cunning eastern Nagas, and lost their lives.

Those Nagas were no respecters of persons. All were treated alike. The Nagas hated them way through by sheer force of numbers of men and weight of armaments. But when the Jap retreat came, it wasn't exactly orderly, and many fell into the hands of the Nagas, who clapped off their heads.

Since the war a few brave men have risked the jaws of death among the eastern Nagas. Peter Finney, a young Australian, was one. In his book "Dart On My

"Shave", published in Sydney a year or two ago, his tale of his escapades at the hands of the savage Nagas.

In company with a friend, this adventurous and superbly courageous young man passed through the headhunting Naga village of Langpham, where he was received by the chief and elders, together with crowds of men, women, and children, while a row of grinning human skulls "graily with their sorrows" were being displayed on a long pole by a tree. Bamboo stakes protruded from the eyes, and each head was pierced vertically by a stake which fixed it to the pole.

The white man had with him a silver breast-chopper. With a look of blood-lust in his trusty eyes, the chief felt the sharp edge, and wanted the chopper in his hand. The white man presented this instrument of execution to the chief Naga, half expecting that it would soon be used on their white necks, and that two more skulls would be grinning and gaping on the long pole.

Mr. Finney's friend filled a pinned glass vessel, belonging to the chief, with water from a bamboo container. Then he squatted on the floor, and with one finger, drew "mugge" (salt) from the dust. As he did this he slipped a few crystals of permanganate of potash into the glass bottle, shook it, and held the bottle above his head for all to see.

At the change of colour to purplish scarlet the sorrows were dumbfounded. When the white man added a purgative tablet which made the concoction effervesce, the Nagas were convinced that the water had been made to boil. Finally, when the white man drank the lot, the gaping audience

was completely mesmerized by the magic of it all.

Just to complete the performance, the chief was given four palm-leaf tablets, after Mr. Finney's friend had eaten one himself by way of encouragement. The chief swallowed them authoritatively, and held his belly tightly.

After that the white men were fitted with a feast, singing, and dancing, and they got away with it, departing in peace from the formidable men of Langpham who, only a month before, had descended on a Kola village in Burma, and had taken 18 heads, including that of a pregnant woman. . . .

The Naga Hills make up an area of about 400 square miles. The eastern Nagas have not yet been subdued, less still conquered, by white men—and perhaps they never will be. Now that the British have left India and Burma, the chances of bringing the Naga people as a whole into a state of semi-civilization have become the more remote.

It is known that coal, limestone, chalk, and slate abound in that wild region of the world. Judging by the way in which the affairs of Mother Earth are developing, it seems probable that the existence of such natural mineral wealth will not go untouched and unexploited for long, and that, eventually, someone will clear the forests, and export the treasure. But before that can happen, the eastern Nagas will need to be subdued.

There is a debt to pay off with the eastern Nagas. They have slaughtered many a white man who dared to trespass upon their domain. Worst of all they butchered men who were fighting for the freedom of the world, and that is a debt which, one day, should be repaid. But it won't be easy.



PISTOLS FOR A PAL

FRANCIS MURRAY



A code of bushrangers was "Never desert a mate in trouble." But some did.

THREE men rode north from Melbourne. They were gloomier from three weeks of fruitless following of false rumors of the movements of some desperado of the bush. Inspector Sir Frederick Pottinger was in charge of Detective Lyons and Mounted Trooper Mitchell. The time and date was about two o'clock on the afternoon of July 7, 1862.

Pottinger then had no reason to know that a turn of the road just ahead was to change the denitive smile of the fortune of the chase into a grin of partial victory. Riding south were three men who had every appearance of the gold-diggers they pretended to be. Two of them had, in fact, dug gold at the point of the gun.

Mounted on a thoroughbred which would have done credit to

the richest squatter was Johnny Gilbert, a Canadian of a respected English family by birth, but bush larkins and badman by inclination. With him were Harry Morra, who had \$124 in stolen bank notes in his pocket and 112 ounces of stolen gold in a saddle valise, and Charles Gilbert, a brother to Johnny and an honest man, with but \$2/10/6 to his credit.

Charles Gilbert had ridden from Melbourne to the Wodden Ranges to try to persuade his brother, young brother to lead an honest life. He had been partially successful, in that Johnny was anxious to get clear of the Wodden with his full share of the proceeds of the Rappers, gold secret robbery. Frank Gardiner's dramatic coup in which Johnny, Morra, and three others had co-operated with the leader

Unlike most of the other robbers, Gilbert had sold his share of the gold for notes. He was carrying \$1,000 of bank notes of his own, plus \$200 for Morra. He, of the three, was the only man armed, he wore a brace of revolvers.

When the two parties met face to face, Pottinger did not realize that his luck had changed. He asked casual questions about the starting-point and destination of the troika, while his suspicious eyes searched for some sign of delinquency. They found a prospect in the quality of Johnny's horse. When the young bushranger (as yet unknown to the police) claimed to have bought it, Pottinger wanted to see a receipt.

Johnny bluffed. He made a show of reaching to a pocket, but he gave his spirited mount a free rein and a touch of the spurs. It jumped to the gallop, but slow-thinking bushmen, Morra, and the innocent Gilbert had failed to react until too late. They found themselves covered by the police pistols, while Johnny, his pack-horse abandoned, raced away for half a mile, ignoring Pottinger's calls to halt.

When he did look back, Johnny saw that the other two were prisoners, and the first thing that occurred to his rookish mind was rescue. Three armed policemen on the alert were too much for young Gilbert to tackle alone, he knew that he must get help.

Striding high in the code of the Australian-bred bushranger was the principle of not deserting a mate in distress. It was one of which Frank Gardiner, the first bush-hero, after Peasey, to achieve outlaw status, had great store.

Gardiner had exacted a grim penalty for a flagrant breach of the code in that respect at April of that year. On the 14th of that

month, the bushrangers, Davis, Connors, and McGunnem, known as the "Three Jacks", were surprised by police at Brewer's shanty at Barrangrang. They ran, but Davis was wounded in the thigh, the other two reaching their horses and making good their escape.

Davis crested behind a tree to fight it out. He wounded Detective Lyons, but, seeing he was deserted, he surrendered. McGunnem had previously been "outlawed" by Gardiner for shooting on a hold-up against orders, he bailed from that part of the country, later being shot dead by a black-tracker.

Connors hid in a cave at the Wodden, but Gardiner found him there. He gave Connors a chance, man to man, to gun. He shot Connors through the heart.

But the code was not always honored. "Gorman Hall", the only mate whom Morra was known to have had, was shot by that bushranger so that he would not fall into the hands of the police.

A similar suggestion has been advanced with regard to Bill Scott, of Clarke's gang. Scott was known to have been wounded in a police chase, and he was found dead later, but from other wounds. Tom Clarke was reported as a brutal, ruthless killer, and the theory that he had killed Scott to prevent his lieutenant falling into the hands of the police and giving evidence against his leader received widespread acceptance, but it was not unanimously sound.

When Scott died, Clarke's crimes, including the murder of Carroll and his "pouch" of three special constables, were mostly known and were ample to justify the rope as penalty. There was little Scott could tell that the police did not know. Two other theories, however,

can find support within the "code".

Scott may have shot himself, knowing that he was a serious handicap to his men, because of his wounds; if dead, they would be under no obligation to stand by him, endangering their own liberty.

Apparently Scott may have begged Clarke for a bullet, much as Mickey Burke, mortally wounded during Ben Hall's attack on Kyngham's homestead, twice begged desperately to be killed, rather than be left alive for the police to take him.

Gilbert now put his horse to the run. Nine hours later, he reached O'Moally's shanty, having covered 20 miles. He found Gardiner, Johnny O'Moally, Ben Hall, Johnny Ross, and Alice Freedy drinking at the shanty, Dan Charlton, the eighth man of the escort robbery, was not there. On a fresh horse, Johnny led the bunch back to the rooms. By nine o'clock next morning he had ridden 180 miles, and six determined men were lying in ambush in a patch of scrub by the roadside on Speedy's station, waiting for the police.

Neither then risk a night ride with his prisoners and the booty he had taken from them, Pottinger put up for the night at Marool station. Means had given the name of Turner, and Charles Gilbert that of Deacy. Pottinger took no risk of either of them making a sudden bid for freedom when the journey was resumed next morning. They were handcuffed, their hands were secured to the pommels of the saddles, and they were mounted on the poorest horses.

The horses of the prisoners were roped loosely together, and Detective Lyons led them by a halter. Lyons took the lead with the two prisoners. He was followed by the three captured pack-horses, with

Mitchell and Pottinger hoking them along. The Inspector kept the lead and notes which he had taken from the prisoners in a valise on his own saddle.

Gardiner gave a perfunctory order to halt-up, but he followed it immediately by a stark command to fire. Six guns blazed from the scrubs, and Lyons's horse plunged, pitching the rider; although wounded, it bolted toward the detective's position at the saddle-bulver. As Lyons fell to the ground, the two policemen at the rear reared their horses back for 50 yards; they kept on treaded shoes until their ammunition was exhausted, then they rode away. Pottinger desiring to make sure of the captured gold, it being evidence.

At the point of the gun, Lyons reluctantly unlocked the handcuffs. The captured detective was not harmed in any way, he was left on the road when the bushrangers and Charles Gilbert galloped off. Pottinger and Mitchell having previously ridden to Quendary station for help.

Charles Gilbert lost no time in getting back to peace and beauty in Melbourne, thence, with Johnny, to New Zealand.

In riding for help, Johnny Gilbert displayed more discretion than did Larry Cummings, one of Lowry's sons, about a year later. Larry's brother, John, was arrested out of Geelong and was being escorted by three policemen when Larry attempted a single-handed rescue. From ambush, he shot to kill the sergeant on charge, but the bullet whistled past the officer's ear and lodged in John Cummings's head.

On that same day, August 1, 1863, Gilbert figured prominently in another rescue attempt. Ben Hall, the actual leader of the gang at the time, was hiding with a

wounded leg, but Gilbert, O'Moally, John Vane, and Mickey Burke were carrying on the trade. Burke's cottage was one of three prisoners travelling by road coach under escort from Cooma to Ballarat. Two scuffling with riders and revolvers were inside the coach with the prisoners who were manacled. Charles Shannon was mounted next, and Sergeant Mowatt, with a rifle, rode on the box seat.

Mickey Burke was detailed to guard the camp, while the other three, Gilbert and O'Moally on stolen racehorses and Vane on a stolen police horse, lay in wait for the coach 15 miles from Ballarat. When they jumped the coach, the driver ignored their order to stop, he whipped up his team, the sergeant and the two constables opening fire with rifles from the vehicle, while Sutton used his pistol to try to stop Gilbert.

Of all the outlaws who roamed the Australian bush, Gilbert was probably the most deadly shot with either rifle or revolver. With Sutton's head lying at him, Johnny crouched low over his horse's

withers and fired under its neck; the bullet ripped Sutton's right arm and broke a rib, and the police horse bolted. Sutton staggered desperately to the saddle with his left hand.

In a running fight for several miles, the police, armed with rifles, on the wrong coach had an advantage in range over the bushrangers' revolvers, the advantage was increased because of the care in aim needed by the outlaws in case they hit one of the prisoners. A bullet from Mowatt hit O'Moally, but it was deflected by a twitch in his pocket, then a lucky shot got Vane's horse through the heart. With one of their number out of the fight, the bushrangers called off the chase.

Johnny continued his bush-ranging activities in New South Wales and lived long enough to see most of his comrades in crime pay penalty either in jail, or at the end of a rope, or by a bullet. He, too, died by a bullet, but he died without violating that cardinal principle of the "code", he never deserted a mate in trouble.



"Dogs . . . ?"

PATTERNS OF PULCHRITUDE

Fat Crowley
Parasound Star



DOLORES DORN, Wigwag Star, star

Below:
KATHLEEN HUGHES,
Universal starlet and model



Right:
LIZ MARSH
Cover girl and model



MASQUERADE ALIBI

FERGUS TRUSLOW



Don picked hangman's outfit for a Hollywood masquerade. But when the Great Ransper turned up, Don's make-believe role turned into a mask for murder.

THE black hangman's hood slipped readily over my head. It had a funny, a wide old smell that reeked a hell somewhere deep inside you like when a Gypsy old lady hits the same pad in one of those little Italian hill towns, and knocks loose the door, stinking dust of hundreds of years.

"How do I look?" I asked Trusk, who was busy getting himself up as one of the Three Musketeers, complete with wig and rapier. Trusk took in my sackcloth robe, the long coiled whip at my belt, and

the cyclized head covering my head and shoulders.

"His blue eyes didn't approve. 'Like a hangman,' he had shortly. 'And let me be the first to break the news to you, Harwood. That's no way for a newswriter to get along in Hollywood.'"

I made a vulgar noise through the hangman's hood.

"Llewellyn tells his party guests to wear something that suits their mood," he reminded me, jerking a thumb at the costumes lying around on the Italian Renaissance furniture

of Scott Llewellyn's huge master bedroom. "You better try something else."

"This suits my mood," I said.

Trusk shrugged. "So you pass up a Broadway part. So you spend the best of your Army discharge pay wild goose chasing out here after what you thought was a major stroke bad. That's happened before in Hollywood. It's part of the game. Why be a scoundrel? Unless, of course, you like being one."

That struck close enough home to sting. My jaw muscles began knitting up like walrus again, as they had that afternoon, when I'd been informed Hollywood did not want me.

I hit back at Trusk. "Maybe you're the guy who ought to choose something else," I kidded.

It was my turn to jerk a thumb at the dozens of costumes lying around. We were late-comers to the party, but there was plenty of wardrobe left. Besides another hangman's outfit just like mine, you could take your choice of being anything from a urban ghoulie to a medieval scoundrel.

"What do you mean?" Trusk wanted to know, suspiciously.

"That O'Riengren stuff filled you once. You used to be a wandering lad, and quick with a buck when we were pals back in New York before the war. But now that you've hit the Hollywood dough you squance a maffin to hard the traffic grime."

Trusk flushed. He didn't have a comeback and he knew it.

"You should dress up like my Scotch uncle, who was a chartered accountant," I needed sarcastically. With that I walked away, straight into the arms of Old Demie Trouble, my partner for the evening.

A tall carved wooden screen stood by the door of Scott Llewellyn's

lyn's master bedroom. As I passed it, it tilted and swung. Behind it a scuffle was going on.

Somebody grumped, "No! Please, I won't—" And a blow cut him off.

I got a sideways glimpse of a white-faced guy in Venetian brass's duds sliding out the door. Then a little man in jester's cap and bells staggered around the other end of the carved wooden screen.

Robbing for laughs, he doubled himself over, with both hands tapping his ribs like thrust made animal noises.

Shocking out between his fingers was the lacy basket hilt of a dagger. The little man's wide, lipped mouth tried to frame a word and couldn't. His eyes were slits of agony.

For a second I thought of taking out after the guy in Venetian brass's costume. But the little man with the knife in his girth fixed that. He grabbed me and tried to hold himself up.

"Trusk!" I yelled.

The little guy hung on to me, dredging pink bubbles new Trusk came up behind me on the double. "What's the matter?"

"Somebody's driven a shiv into him," I gulped, feeling sick. "He's hemorrhaging from that lung."

I swore at Trusk for just standing there while pink froth dribbled from the little man's lips. Reeling backward to the floor, I tried to sweep his fingers from the hilt of the dagger. "Let go," I told him. "Every time you move in you slice a bigger hole in your lung tissue."

He coiled out a groan through more bloody saliva and his fingers fought me in spasms for that knife.

I won. The basket hilt came away in my hand.

It had no blade. I stood up, staring

at it rapidly. Costume staff, with just a clip to listen to a phony snicker.

Behind me in the doorway, they began to laugh. The white-faced guy dressed as a Venetian and a few more howling ribsters with highball glasses in their hands.

The little girl in espadrille-bells poked herself up off the floor, a 'crazy sweet' as her wide lips.

"Go back to the bar, Symon," somebody suggested. "Get another mouthful of pink Germaine and have some more hemorrhages for us. He's dumb enough to fall for it again!"

A hot wave of prickly heat crawled up my back. I dropped the basket full, colored Symon. "Remember the punk shepherd who cried 'Wolf, wolf' and what happened when he found himself with the McCoy on his hands?" I snorted. "It could happen to you, bud!"

I slung him away from me like a barroom bag, and laid hold of the white-faced Venetian lad. "Never pull a gag like that on a guy who is trying to forget a war, palley." I heard my own voice saying, dry and the away. Then I back-banded him one across the mouth that bounced him off the wall.

The white-faced lad leashed his bleeding lips to see if they were still there. His tongue investigated too.

"How does it taste?" I inquired. "Like Germaine?"

The black, brilliant eyes in that white face shot me a look of steely fury. His fat jaw's seemed to swell like a toad's.

Trunk shored between us, his blue eyes serious. "He's got war nerves, Delatore," he protested.

The other ribsters gaped in between us, too, everybody talking at once. Trunk yanked me out into

the hall. "Of all the jerks in Hollywood," he growled, "you would have to pick Delatore."

"Who's he that he can't be belted around a little when he needs it?"

We were out in Llewellyn's beam-ceilinged drawing room now. "Till captain later," Trunk said shortly, "if you don't learn for yourself before the evening's out."

LLEWELLYN'S drawing room was as big as a farmer's market, with soft organ music coming from outside in the walls, and an oak fire glowing in a huge fireplace.

Glass doors stood open to the patio and rambling garden. Air conditioning units hummed, giving the heat from the fireplace the old heave-he out into the summer night.

Trunk mottled grimly in my ear. "Here's the idea, holding court. See if you can keep your nose clean—for a change."

Scott Llewellyn, in gold brocade mandarin's robe, set surrounded by a satumarian throng of actors and stage people, all in costume sent over by the wardrobe department for the occasion. These parties of Llewellyn's were regular affairs. You dressed as you felt, and acted as you pleased.

"Welcome, gentlemen," Scott Llewellyn pronounced, looking our way with his snapping black eyes.

Llewellyn, one of the permanent top dogs in London, had managed to retain a trace of youthful enthusiasm in his black eyes, long after it vanished from his aging, crinkled face. "Ah, Trunk!" he said smoothly, "glad to see the hero of my latest Technicolor opera. Who's your hangerman friend?"

I identified myself through the hangerman's head. "Hammond," I said. "Don Hammond."

A man from the studio office stepped close behind Llewellyn's

chair and whispered briefly. A brown-eyed minkman I recognized as Glenda Rhodes, the Hollywood actress, practically bent her ears all trying to hear what he said.

I'd met the newspaper gal while waiting in the studio office, just before I'd gone up for my interview, and liked her.

Llewellyn's black eyes came back to me. "Ah, yes. Don Hammond. New York City, and on his way back. Well, well, Hammond. I can see why you'd be as a hangerman's hood. You, I can see that. Give you a chance to work it off on sympathy." "Empathy?" I repeated.

"Empathy, the actor's art." Llewellyn was coming now to the circle around him. "The art of putting yourself into the part you play so deeply that you become as truth the man you seem to be."

He returned to me. "Tell us," he requested, "do you feel like a hangerman?"

"Yes," I said.

"That black hood you have on," the film mogul told me, "can't draw the studio wardrobe like the other costumes."

"No?" I said.

"No. Both hangerman's hoods are from my private collection. Real museum pieces. They belonged to one of the most skillful and popular costumers in English period history."

The people nearest to me drew back a little.

"How does it make you feel?" Llewellyn persisted, in sweet tones. My thighs were quivering a little. I took the pretense coil of whip-lash from my belt. "Take this," I growled, and threw a loop of the whip around his neck.

Everybody made uneasy movements, but nobody offered to stop me. I tightened up a little. "This reminds me of a story," I said

sodily. And I lashed on the whip. Scott Llewellyn sat there, tense, his fingers pecking at the back of the rewrite around his throat. "Story?" he gulped.

I tightened up another notch. "It happened in one of those hill towns in Italy," I told him. "A bored GI who happened to be the clown of his company thought it up."

"He put on a Nazi uniform, just to get how it felt. Then he got a German machine-ponal and a couple of potato-masher grenades to stick in his boots. After that he went around the streets yelling in strict German. It was funny as anything to hear him."

I twisted on the rewrite loop a fraction more.

"Go on," Llewellyn gulped, trying to keep my mind off that whip. "What happened to this GI?"

"Everybody laughed it to him," I whispered. "Until he let loose a clip out of the machine-ponal and pulled a pin on one of the potato-masher grenades. You see he couldn't stop being a German. One of his buddies had to shoot him."

Llewellyn's breath rasped in his wind-pipe, now. He scratched his neck across the back of the chair. His face, greasy with sweat, was yellow as his brocade mandarin robes.

The minkman, Glenda Rhodes, touched my elbow. She spoke quietly, "It's getting a little stuffy in here. Mr. Hammond. How's take me out to the patio for a drink and a dance?"

"Lady, you have something there," I admitted, letting Llewellyn go. "I'll try it."

Llewellyn sat up, felt his throat over with both hands, his black eyes blinking.

"Let me know if you want anybody executed," I told the film

megal. "I'm in a hanging mood tonight."

With that Glenda Rhodes took my arm and we strolled behind us, watching parade trunks begin to tell exciting history. "Ooh, Mr. Llewellyn—you can act better than—than anybody!" a startled cooed, "You made every line of your body express terror!"

"In five minutes," Glenda Rhodes whispered to me, "they'll have him, thinking it was all his own idea. Say," she added, "Were you just acting?"

My heart still pounded too hard and my breathing hadn't slowed down yet. "I guess," I told her.

"Well," the girl reporter opined, as we went out into the lighted patio and sought the punch bowl. "Scott Llewellyn is a funny guy. Either he'll adore and respect you for having dominated him, or he'll hate you for the rest of your natural life."

"I guess my old pal Trunk figured it that way, too," I chuckled. "Did you see him pull a quick fade? He didn't want Llewellyn to connect him with me in any way."

She nodded. "I can see why. Trunk is set for the next few pictures. He just finished a swell part in Llewellyn's Technicolor job on the Statue Ladies. Were he played the young chief, Ham-on-the-Pike."

I took off the hangerman's hood, tucked it in my hat, and we danced a few dances to the music of a big Capehart.

"The punch bowl, Mr. Hammond," she suggested.

Deleone slid away from the patio corner by the punch bowl as we approached. The look he gave me would have passed for the evil eye anywhere in Italy. "Speaking of punches," I remarked, looking at a couple of

cold glasses of liquid refreshment, "I wish I'd slipped that guy twice instead of once!"

Glenda Rhodes choked on champagne and fruit juice as it was sulphureous. "You slipped Deleone around?" she spluttered. "You mean tonight?"

"Sure, why not?" I told her about the rib Symon and Deleone had pulled on me.

Her brown eyes were serious. "You don't care who you make an enemy of, do you?"

"Meaning what?"

"Meaning that Deleone has an ugly reputation as an enemy. Symon is a sneak, too. I hear that his specialty is a discreet blackmail."

"Go on about Deleone."

She struggled. "Gentling, black markets, underworld contacts, and who-knows-who. Even the big one here are afraid of him. That's why he's tolerated in Hollywood."

"You frighten me all to little pieces, Miss Rhodes," I uttered anxiously. "I'm glad I'm being back home to New York tomorrow, a defeated man." I put the hangerman's hood back on.

Her lips tightened. "Come with me to the library for a game of gin," she ordered and took my arm.

She led me around through the rambling garden to the library on the north wing of the house. It was a big room on the ground floor with a door opening into the garden.

GLENDA RHODES found a deck of cards. I pulled up a parchment-covered lamp and we sat down at a long rotatory table under hand-brown beams.

She shuffled evenly. "Look," she said. "About the business of you being back to the East Coast with your fat between your lips."

"Who said my tail was between my lips?" I wanted to know.

"I did," she said in cool tones.

"What do you know about it?"

"I know you came reeking out here after the first fiddle from a studio agent. You took too much for granted. Now you're hell bent the other way at the first impact of Hollywood's indifference to your person."

I flushed under the hangerman's hood. "Who said I was a person? I'm just a good, well-schooled ham actor."

She drew a card. "What happened to the G.I. in your story? The one who had to be shot by a buddy because he couldn't stop playing dead?"

I could feel the sweat running on me under the hood. "He got over it," I told her huskily. "It wasn't a bad wound. The Army psychiatrist snipped him out of the other business. Last time we saw him in the hospital he could laugh it off."

"What happened to the real casualty, the lad who had to shoot him?" Glenda Rhodes wanted to know.

"He had to go on, didn't he?" she whispered. "He went on fighting through more little Italian towns. More towns with death and dust all over everything."

The cards fell slippery in my fingers. My tongue was remembering the room built at the country side of the Italian hill towns. "It's your play," I told Glenda Rhodes.

"She drew a card. "Gin," she said, and laid her hand down. "Look," she went on matter-of-factly. "Why don't you get hip to yourself? Shooting him pushed you a bit offside emotionally, and no wonder. But you don't have to stay that way. You see what you're doing, don't you?"

I picked up the deck of cards and shuffled. "Okay, what am I doing?" I stopped politely. But my heart hammered at my breastbone.

She shrugged. "You always jump the way you're pushed. Cool off. Get your feet under you. Why rush back to New York tomorrow, for example?"

"Maybe I just don't like Hollywood."

"Sour grapes," Glenda Rhodes smiled. Sure, Hollywood is sour. It has a fringe of jackals like Deleone and Symon. Any big money town does. But Hollywood is also a hard working place full of talent, and getting up early and hitting the ball. Maybe there's a place here for you if you play your—"

A mechanical whisper cut in on her. "Miss Glenda Rhodes." It had come up among the hand-brown beams.

I jumped a foot. "Miss Rhodes wanted on the telephone," the mechanical whisper announced.

The newspaper girl grinned at me. "I can see you aren't used to intercom systems in private homes. A little squeaky at first, isn't it?"

She got up. "Excuse me. I'll be right back."

Glenda Rhodes went through the hall door in the general direction of the drawing room.

I went on with my solitaire. I'd just put a red queen on a black king when the door jump behind me went out plunging the room into darkness. Glad of a chance to let off steam a little by counting, I got up and mumbled a lot of G.I. language while fumbling for the door lamp.

My fingers touched the parchment shade, then the switch. The light came on.

At first I thought I was looking at myself in a plex glass mirror. Somebody had sneaked into the room without my knowing it. The black hangerman's head looked the same. The makofoil mask belied in it the worst looked the

seems like something was wrong.
I ached. The eyes. The black
shimmering eyes peering at me out
of the hood's eyeholes . . .
My eyes are blue.

That wasn't all. I'd left my keys.
placed outside whip lying on the
table when we sat down to play
cards. The hangman feeling me had
him in his hand, the locked hall
beeping loud.

"What, the hell?" I wanted to
know. "Who are—"

Too late. I saw that loaded whip-
bent coming up. It caught me under
the left ear. Heels pointed in my
head. The lights went out again.
But this time it wasn't the floor
lump. It was me.

NEXT thing I knew I found my-
self wallowing around on my
hands and knees in the dark.
Vaguely I realized somebody's foot-
steps were going away. Leaving
me, crowding the room and going
out into the garden.

My head hurtled into the floor
lump, knocking it over. I had sense
enough to find the light button and
click it on.

The hangman with the black eyes
had gone, but he'd left a souvenir.
Sydney, still in cap-and-balls, hung
by the neck from a ceiling beam.
The little chatter's toes dangled six
inches over the satisfactory table.
One end of my long whip had
been knotted around his throat, the
other around the head-been beam.

I started to climb up and cut
him down, then caught myself.
Wait a minute, sucker! I thought.
Why bite him on the ass gap?
This is Hollywood and they know
how to do these things.

A big bunch of reds packed
back into my lungs. The Assie
breasts stopped blowing and went
back to normal. I sat down to
my game of solitaire, rubbing the
side of my jaw where the other

hangman's whip had tapped me.
"You beat the new boys' hand
of rough cut here, Sydney," I re-
marked. "Don't you ever get tired
of every game like this?"

I had a red sight on a black
rifle just as the hall door opened.
Glenda Rhodes came back into the
library. At her heels was one of
the blonde starlets, tagging along
trying to get her name in Glenda's
scheme, I guessed.

"What in the name of—?" gasped
the newspaper girl, closing the hall
door quickly, and going limp with
her shoulders against it.

The pretty blonde starlet screen-
ed a pretty little arse. Not too
loud. Just right for a starlet.

Glenda Rhodes' brown eyes look-
ed straight black in a face gone
white. "What happened?" she said
quietly.

"Look," I said, tapping the table
where I'd laid out the game of
solitaire. "If I shift this Queen of
Hearts over, will it work?"

The blonde starlet's lips drew
back in a frozen grimace. She
couldn't take her eyes off Sydney.

"Who is it?" Glenda Rhodes
said in a dry, distant little voice.
"Sydney," I told her. "They're
attention to him. He's just hanging
around, chitchatting."

"Oh, he's glad when you're dead,
Sydney, you need, you," I added
cheerfully, and stopped the dangling
feet.

The cards fell out of my hand
and scattered all over the floor.
Only a dead man knows how to
break his feet back that limp.

The little rascal in cap-and-
balls spun slowly. I saw his face
for the first time. You couldn't
blame the blonde starlet for scream-
ing. Sydney wasn't pretty, even
alive.

Somehow I got him down, laid
him on the floor.

The blonde starlet giggled in the
dark stages of hysteria.

My feet carried me toward the
hall door before I knew it.
Glenda Rhodes called after me.
"Wait, Mr. Hammond! Don't!"

I didn't wait. I wanted Delstarve,
by the throat. Before that silly
little starlet could bring the law
down on me with her first scream.

I plunged out into the big
garden. Before I'd gone ten
yards I knew it was no
use. I had as much chance as a
sinner in a whirlwind. Only a 25-
man posse could find Delstarve in
one acre of scrubland in the
short time left to me.

I headed for the tiled patio
where a few couples still were
dancing. A fat man in brown
robes looked familiar. I recognized
him as a milkup man who lived
across the hall in Treck's apart-
ment house. "Hi, shree! Yes, pal,
you hang 'em!" he suggested
happily as I passed.

"Okay," I muttered. "Let's begin
with a guy named Delstarve. Have
you seen him?"

"Nops," he grinned, wiping sweat
from his bald spot. "Kind of un-
believable for a beginner, isn't you?"

I groaned. "Where's Treck? May-
be he can help me find the Del-
starve kid."

"Nops again," chuckled the fat
man. "Treck don't know where
Delstarve is because when I left
the apartment house a while back
Treck was three-shooting around
the lobby. Nops, you gotta catch
your own Delstarve, son, before
you— Hey?"

I'd shoved him aside and broken
like a quarter horse. Not 25 feet
away from us, as we'd stand there
talking, a black hangman's hood
glided along above the top of a
stepped hedge.

I rounded the path at the end

of the hedge in a spatter of flying
gravel. The path behind the hedge
was empty.

A dozen steps down the path
and I walked right into Old Dame
Treble again. This time she look-
ed like a redheaded doll in a black
lace Spanish mantle.

The redhead threw a full arm
snap that stung my jaw
right through the hangman's hood.
"Hissy, messy old thing!" she
boomed. "You—you old creep! What
are you—a spy for Randolph?"

I went back on my heels. "Hissy!"
I remarked.

Her snort, a guy in a cavalier
hat and cape, put in his two-fur's
worth. "After all, old man," he
protested. "Not very sporting to
hang around and peep over bushes,
do you think? To keep coming
back, and prying and peering, isn't
—it—"

I gapped at them through the
hood, then at the secluded little
kitchen they'd just popped out of.
"Oh," I said. "You mean—"

"Yes, we mean!" snapped the red-
headed doll, and threw another
starlet snap. I ducked in time. They
departed laughing. I let them go,
then, grinning under the lover's
haver in the darkness.

Hangman Number Two was
there, all right. A match flared
close to the ground under a bench.
The black hood stood out of the
night like something in a spooky
dream. The match veered back
and forth within a foot of the
ground.

He heard me coming. The match
went out. I jumped for where he
had been and clutched empty air.
He was gone, in that flash of time.

For a minute or two I blundered
around the lover's hower, the G.I.
language thick in my throat.

He'd wanted something in here.
What? Why the match, law, close

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to the ground? What had he lost?
I had a hand on the bench. It was still warm where the red-headed doll in the lace mantilla and the cavalier had been sitting. But why did Margaret Number Two stretch backward? Raising a hand over the grass under the bench, I explored the ground inch by inch.

My groping fingers found the answer. It felt like a small rubber cup on a short handle. I shoved the gadget into my jeans and walked toward the path.

Glenda Rhodes was looking for me at the entrance of the arbor. She grabbed my arm. "Don't leave! You listen to me!" she snapped.

"Where's Delacorte?" I wanted to know, trying to shake her off.

She hung on. "What are you going to do?"

"I'll take him apart, that's all. Right in front of the cops and everybody. I'll make him sing."

"The police?" she gasped. "Did somebody call the police?"

It caught me off balance, flustered. "Huh?" I fumbled. "You mean they're not—you mean everybody in the place doesn't know about Stripes by now?"

"Certainly not," Glenda Rhodes came back crisply.

I stood there, stunned physically and mentally. "What's the matter?" she said impatiently.

"I—I thought you'd take it for granted I killed the little rat," I stammered.

"Well of all the knuckle-heads that ever came to town," she said in candid tones. "I only wanted to tell you we'd have to work fast before somebody passed it on you."

I pulled the black hanger's hood off my head, balled it up, and threw it as far away from me as I could. The air tasted fresher

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now, than any I'd ever known.

My head began to work and work fast. "What about the blonde artist who saw Symes swinging on the library? Didn't she scream and start a hue-and-cry after her?"

"She would have," Glenda Rhodes admitted. "Only I shoved her into a closet and locked the door on her."

I leaped and snatched it. It came all the way from the sales of my master plan.

"Look, Dad!" the newspaper girl pointed, grabbing my arm. "Another hangman!" A black hood parted the top leaves of a flowering pansies that filled the night with perfume a dozen paces away. Starlight gleamed on a thin steel blade. "Look out!" she added, unnecessarily.

I'd already grabbed her. The dingy stiletto tapped past us by inches, chopped past from one of the white pillars of the arbor and clattered to the tiles.

I stooped for it. The gold hair was ornate, set with semi-precious stones.

Glenda Rhodes pointed. "Don't just stand there! Do something! Go after him!"

I held the stiletto up to the light in the arbor. "Venetian work, isn't it?" I remarked. "Seems to me I saw Delastree wearing one like this with that bravo's costume of his."

"Don Hammond!" the newspaper girl said furiously. "If you let Delastree get away next time after he tried to kill you, I'll never respect you as long as I live!"

"What do you want me to do? Go lithering after him? No thanks."

She made her hands into small fists and pounded my chest. "But you've got to!"

I grinned down at her. "Now who's going off half-cooked?"

"What do you mean?" she wanted to know, assuming a sudden and phony dignity.

"I mean you can go back to the library and let the blonde cook out of the closet to do her screaming," I said.

"But Don," Glenda Rhodes pleaded. "Use your head! If I let her out, she'll yell blue murder! She'll have the lot out of the bag in ten seconds! You don't know Llewellyn! He'll get tough with everybody! He'll order his servants to block every exit on the place and—"

"Good!" I said enthusiastically. "But you need time! You need time to—"

"Look," I said. "That's just what I don't need. Now do as you've told Sam along and let that girl out of the closet. Help her scream if you want to."

She went. But she looked back over her shoulder at me as if I'd just said a last good-bye at the door to the San Quentin gas chamber.

THE fat monk in the brown robes pushed me efficiently closer to Scott Llewellyn's door and stood back.

"Well, Hammond," the fat monk said blandly. "When you say you're in a hanging mood you really mean it, don't you?"

The other monks stood uneasily around in a semi-circle, leaving me alone to face our host Llewellyn's servants rode hard on us, standing at every door to make sure nobody powered before the cops arrived.

"You can't do this!" Glenda Rhodes said uneasily in the dark silence. "You can't! I heard you tell the butler to wait ten minutes before phoning the police!"

Everybody craned necks to look at her.



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Scott Llewellyn shrugged fairly and spread his hands. "What would you do, my dear?" he smiled. "It amounts to the same thing in the end."

She came back slowly. "What it amounts to is that you're giving Mr. Hammond a ten minute trial for his life. You know that the evidence will crystallize and the witnesses will decide in their own minds, here and now, whether or not he is guilty. A court trial later will only put the stamp of legitimacy on it."

Dehtorre, standing near Llewellyn, wore a sour grin. His black eyes browsed upon as he looked at me.

I saw Frank in the crowd. The D'Aragnons sat and phone kept me from seeing his face, but I knew he was worried and nervous. The angle of his head and shoulders showed it.

I spoke up for myself. "If it takes your own sense of the dramatic to try me here and now, go ahead," I told Llewellyn. "It takes mine, too."

The crowd behind me breathed a sigh at that.

"Spoken like a trooper, Mr. Hammond," Llewellyn grinned cynically. "You have a very charming Puma to act as counsel for the defense. What's your evidence, if any?"

Glenda Rhodes took him up on it. "That" she snapped, brandishing out the jewel-budded cigarette "is was thrown at Mr. Hammond out in the ether a few minutes ago.

May I ask Mr. Dehtorre why the neckboard as his belt is empty?"

In the silence I heard Dehtorre gulp. He hadn't expected this. He fumbled with the empty neckboard in amazement. "Anybody could have lifted it," he said sulkily. "In the bar or anywhere I would not have noticed."

"Why would any other person steal your cigarette to throw it at Mr. Hammond?" Glenda turned.

I broke in. "To hurt a hot head like me along," I explained. "To set me rattling off on the wrong scent without stopping to think."

The newspaper girl started. "Are you kidding?" she whispered loudly.

I shook my head. "If you hadn't purchased me, and brought me down to earth just then, I wouldn't have added up the facts in my possession. I'd have bludgeoned Dehtorre and tried to beat a murder confession out of him. In the resulting confusion the real killer would escape and I'd go to jail. Only—"

"Only?" Scott Llewellyn leaned forward, his hands clapping the curved arms of the chair.

"Only I'd begun to use my head. I saw how the killer had worked the glitzlight."

"Go on," Llewellyn ordered, his thin face intent on me.

"First the motive," I said.

"The motive," sneered Dehtorre, "was you being sore at Symes."

"The motive," I corrected him.

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"was to shake off a blackmaster—Symes. For keeps."

"The killer now was in the library with Miss Rhodes. He saw that the stage was set. Next he went back and slipped on the second hanger's outfit over his own costume. After that he took the pay phone in the servants' hall to call Llewellyn's house number, and got the butler to page Miss Rhodes out of the library on the intercom system. Then he hung up before she got to the phone."

"That's so," Glenda Rhodes said quickly. "When I answered the telephone there was only the last tone."

"Once she was out of the way," I went on, "he straggled me quickly, and called Symes in his bed Symes crossed, maybe waiting to play another practical joke. Symes found out how practical the joke was when he found himself strung up to the rafters!"

"Who did it?" Llewellyn roared, his face grim as an Eighteenth Century hanging judge's.

"Trank," I said.

INSTANTLY there was a shuffle of feet. People only seemed to shift their stances a little, but Trank stood alone facing me through a line in the crowd. I stepped closer to him.

Llewellyn leaned forward "Bring forth your proof," he ordered. "How do you know he's guilty?"

"Because Trank has blue eyes," I said. "The killer in the hanger's hood had black eyes. In

fact he went out of his way to make me see he had black eyes."

"Captain," Llewellyn said sharply.

"How did you like Trank on Technicolor as a *Skye Indian*? Blue eyes would stick out like a sore thumb."

"Contact lenses," the fat man in brown robes growled. I remembered that he was a studio makeup man. "We gave him black lenses, and fixed them on a brown ornamental solution instead of his own chemical hair-formula, like they usually do. The caramel makes even the pupils."

I reached out and knocked the broad-brimmed (XArgian) hat off Trank's head.

Black eyes glistened at us. You would have sworn they were the McCoy. Even the hole inside him burned through those plastic eyes.

"Symes was blackmaking you, wasn't he, old chum?" I whispered.

Chumbly he went for the long rapier he wore as part of his costume. I backed him across the keeps with the edge of my hand. The three-foot sword clattered to the floor. I kicked it away.

"That makes it easier," I sighed. "You're just up next now, Trank. Take him away, somebody!"

They did. Llewellyn came back after setting a guard of servants over him. "Look here, Hammond," he said, dropping the high collar of his brocade robes so as if it felt too tight. "When you twisted that whip around my windshield a while ago, you convinced me you could act."

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EN1142

Who said I was eating? I thought
to myself

"I'm going to give you a con-
tract," Llewellyn announced, stand-
ing back to give me room to go
into confusion.

"I'll send my agent around to
the office in a couple of days,"
I told him.

Glenda Rhodes grinned and
winked at me. She got it. I wasn't
going to be lured into anything.
Scott Llewellyn, still fingering
the gold top button of his collar,
looked at me with new respect.
"By the way, will you tell me how
you fumbled to Trank's dodge with
the contract today?"

I dug the rubber-tipped stick
of plastic out of my pocket. "I
found this under a bench in the
garden, where Trank seemed to be
looking for something in a hurry.
He snatched it, hid it, and the dropper
and this vial came out. I took
the lesson off. A couple of love-
birds knocked the stuff off the
bench.

"Somebody told me Trank had
been 'short-shifting' in the lobby
of his own apartment. To anybody
who knows show business, short
means he'd gone home in costume.
What for?" He wanted the contract
because he'd had decided to let his
own models do that Technicolor
picture."

Glenda Rhodes interrupted.
"That's why you walked into
letting the gold out of the closet
so she could give the alarm. You
wanted Trank rounded up with the
rest of us, quick. He hadn't worn
those contacts much and wouldn't
know how to get them off without
the vacuum cup."

"Sure," I agreed, holding up the
rubber gadget. "Black eyes were his
idea, and as long as I had this,
he was stuck with them."

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Before he could reap the rewards of police department glory, an Marine Johnny Tobin had to make a . . .

Tarawa Payoff

By H. WOLFF SALT

THE pain-ridden leg lifted from his eyes slowly. Lying on his back, he stared up at towering dark buildings and thought, "What the hell are brick warehouses doing on Tarawa?"

His hands groped out beside him and he thought, "What's a concrete sidewalk doing where hot sands ought to be?"

The pain, though—the maddening pain that sliced upward from his hip to the base of his skull, and the wet sticky feel of looking blood under him—that was unchanged.

He remembered slowly, a little incredulously, the reality probing tentative fingers into a nightmare. Tarawa and the bank of Jap shrapnel in his hip were five months behind him. This was the States, and he was back on the force, where he'd been before the Marines. Before Guadalcanal, New Guinea, Tarawa.

He came to it. Why was he stretched on his back staring at the sky? Why the fire in his hip? The leaking blood? Why was his head aching around like a Fourth-of-July shrapnel?

Take it easy, Johnny Tobin. Take it easy.

Remember Gin-Eye Macklin? They had told Johnny about Corporal Wesley "Gin-Eye" Macklin when he woke up on the hospital ship skimming back to Hawaii. Johnny would have had to death

where he fell on the beach, if Corporal Gin-Eye hadn't stuffed out into the open in the face of blistering machine-gun fire and dragged Johnny back into the trenches.

You never did think Gin-Eye for that little nerve.

What's the connection with now? With city sidewalks and dark warehouses? With the leading pain in his hip and his head going around like a B-26 prop?

Scrapes of memory penetrated the fog of pain like fast-moving scenes in a picture.

There was the rain-drenched trench, all the hell of warfare and the lacerated hell of bullets, shrapnel and bomb splinters near him.

He had been hit badly and Gin-Eye had saved him. Yet, he owed Gin-Eye something.

Then, after his discharge he had joined the police force. He had been poked up physically and was wound in a ball, you had to be to be in the police force. And Ruth had been annoyed and upset about his joining the force.

Ruth and he had an argument and she refused to marry him unless he left the force and got a cushy office job. "Wasn't the trenches and jungles and Japs enough excitement for you? Must you live your whole life doing a job where you'd never know when some rat's bullet will reach out

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her that still lay on the sidewalk
beside the body had to be returned
to the dead man's pocket.

The wallet with the identification
card that said, Lester R. Macklin.
And the V-neck letter that had
travelled half way around the
world from the South Pacific. The
letter that started, Dear Pop and
was signed, Gino-Eye.

Corporal Gino-Eye Macklin, who
was following his letter home as
a hero.

Two squad cars arrived at the
same time. Somebody put an arm
around Johnny, held him up.

Johnny heard himself talking,
in a voice that sounded as if it
came from a tank. "The Apple
Eater . . . chased him . . . shot
him twice. He ran to safety. I fol-
lowed. He got me. That man . . .
lying there . . . was walking by
tried to help me . . . took
my gun . . . started to chase
Apple Eater. Apple Eater shot
and killed him. Got away."

He heard a gruff voice growl,
"Practically had the Apple Eater
in his hands and let him get away!
How do you like that?"

Another voice said, "You mean
how'll the commissioner like that?"

The first voice said, "That dead
guy, here. He sure had guts, grab-
bing Tobey's gun and using after
the Apple Eater. Plenty guts! Like
a hero, if you ask me."

Somebody was helping Johnny
to his feet. A policeman had been
tied around his thigh. They were
helping him towards a squad car.
There was a blur in front of his
eyes. The spinning wouldn't stop.
What was it he wanted to say to
the dead man? He couldn't seem
to think.

"That was for Gino-Eye," he mur-
mured. "For services rendered."

30 CAVALCADE, October, 1954

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UICK UIPS

Now a news item in the paper the other day, "Sold Teeth To Build Cancer." To me that sounds really

And speaking—pardon, speaking—of words, it is always a good idea to keep your words salt and sweet, because you never know when you will have to eat them.

Here's a good recipe, people: Wipe out dirty looks with salt soap.

Words are all powerful and if you are a good platform speaker you are popular. Of course, the secret of being a good platform speaker is to make a man by three seconds.

Mining trains reminds me of punctuality, which is a great virtue. However, the trouble with being punctual is that there is seldom anyone there to congratulate you. Men are sometimes late for appointments, women always are. But they are late for the sake of appearance.

A statistician worked out that, if you are 35, you have, on the average, about 17,000,000 minutes to live. When you gamble on safety to save a minute, you wager all those remaining minutes.

Speaking of chance, they say tragedy is not a game of chance. But a good deal depends on a good deal.

Cards remind me of card sharp and card sharp remind me of jail. In jail there are more people charged with drunkenness than any other illegal activity. A temperance worker got on his soapbox one night and shouted, "Intoxication should be classed as a crime." Probably a good sentence would be in a prison without harm.

Probably drunkenness is the one thing common to all classes of society, from the halls to the people who look down their noses through a locomotive. You know what a locomotive is — it's a mover on a stick.

They say that to reach top society you have to put your nose to the grindstone, and noses on the grindstone in one generation make those of the next to turn up.

Like one fellow we know who was born with a silver spoon in his mouth he swallowed it and he hasn't stirred since.

At a prison concert one night the M.C. announced the next item—"There's the hies of the party."

When the lady came on stage he said several things to the M.C., then he asked him if he had got it. "Sure it's all in my hand," replied the M.C. "Then," said the lady, "You've got it in a nutshell."

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